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JUNELLEN HAWTHORNE, Seventeen Years Old



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The whole world was on fire. They were trapped. They'd just have to stay here and be—cremated!

Flaming **TIMBER**

It started out to be a quiet afternoon's ride just for fun,
but it turned out to be a trial by fire for Methuselah

By DOROTHY MAYWOOD BIRD

Author of "Granite Harbor"

SMOKE! Still even more asleep than awake, Jep Hilton smelled it drifting in through the open window with the hot October sunshine—the acrid smell of burning timber. Those forest fires up the shore around Hemlock must be spreading.

"Whoo—oo—EE!" An ear-splitting whistle burst through the keyhole.

Jep opened one brown eye. "Well, what is it?" she demanded crossly. This Saturday she'd counted on sleeping till noon, and here was her brother

Ted thumping her bedroom door at only 11:30 and catcalling loud enough to wake a mummy. "You needn't tell me," she sputtered. "It's about Methuselah. I suppose you've lost the engine this time."

"No." Ted's voice was sharp, but he grinned as he leaned against the door jamb. "I told you Methuselah's percolating fine. There isn't another Model T in Granite Harbor that's got such a sweet-running motor, since I fixed the timer."

"Timer!" Jep snorted. "I suppose it's the timer that makes

the muffler fall off and the wheels shimmy. I suppose . . ."

"All-right-all-right," Ted said. "If that's the way you feel. But Hump and I have to drive Methuselah over to Larch right away to pick up a bearing for his dad's plant. It's coming down on the 1:20 train from Hemlock and their messenger truck's on the blink. We thought you and Julie Brenner might want to come along. Be your last chance to see the leaves. By next week they'll be gone."

"Larch!" Jep shook her black head vehemently. "But I can't. That's fifty miles and I have to be back at 6:30 sharp to dress for the junior girls' farewell banquet for Miss Coe. I'm toast-mistress."

"Seven hours to go a hundred miles! What do you think Methuselah is, a hearse? We'll be

back by four o'clock without even opening her up."

"Okay, if you're positive." Jep jumped out of bed, rushed to the window, yanked the clothes line that rang a bell in Julie's room at the back of the Brenner house across the lilac hedge.

Julie, her yellow hair still tied up in a pink bandanna to keep the pin curls in, appeared at the window.

"Hurry," Jep called. "Get into your clothes and grab some lunch. Hump and Ted are going to drive us over to Larch."

Jep darted to the closet, hurried into a red slack suit and bright blue kerchief, dashed down into the kitchen, and rummaged through the icebox.

Before she'd finished a pastry and a glass of milk, impatient squawks came from the front curb where Methuselah, a rickety open touring car painted blinding purple, shivered and smoked. As usual, Humphrey Prall was out by the radiator fussing with the choke wire. Ted Hilton humped over the wheel wiggling spark and gas levers, trying to keep the motor running. Julie Brenner in her new green slacks was clambering into the back seat.

"Wait!" Jep jerked her back, then turned to Ted. "Where are those seat covers?"

"Getting washed." Ted's attention was on the spark.

"Then you'll have to wait

while I get some blankets. Do you want us to get covered with grease? I never saw such seats."

Jep flew into the house and came back with four old Army blankets. She made Hump leave the choke wire long enough to help her spread them over the seats. Then she hopped in beside Julie.

"What do you think we're going on," Humphrey jeered, "a sleigh ride?"

Ted looked up at the queer brassy sky, wiped the sweat off his forehead. "Yeah," he panted. "Feels like a sleigh ride today. Boy, I never knew it to be nearly as hot as this in October."

He turned on the switch and adjusted spark and throttle. Hump pulled on the choke and then cranked until his face was red. As soon as the motor fired, he leaped in while Ted feverishly worked the spark lever.

"Remember," Jep cautioned as the jalopy rattled out of Granite Harbor, "I have to be back by 6:30 no matter what. If I'm not, the program committee'll chop off my head."

At the edge of town Julie sniffed. "The smoke's worse out here, lots worse. Those fires around Hemlock must be really bad."

"Yeah," Ted agreed, "they're bad all right. Everything's so dry it's hard to check them."

Hump looked up at the sun,

coppery behind its veil of smoke. "My granddad says it was just like this the day of the Peshtigo fire, hot and smoky. And still, the way it is today. At night the wind started."

"Boy, that Peshtigo fire must have been fierce." Ted rubbed a blob of dirt off the windshield. "Wiped the town clean in an hour didn't it, Hump? Killed more people than the Chicago fire. One minute you'd see..."

"Stop!" Julie cried. "Stop talking about the Peshtigo fire. That happened in October, too!"

Along the road to Larch the maples flared cerise, scarlet, and gold. But there was something ominous about the way their leaves hung absolutely motionless as if they were waiting, listening. Methuselah wasn't acting right either. It kept backfiring.

"Ted," Jep wailed, "you aren't out of gas, are you?"

"Can't be that," Hump argued. "The gauge says we have five gallons. That's more'n..."

"That gauge," Jep cut in. "You said yourselves it's screwy unless the tank's over half full."

"We fixed it." Ted pulled off his tie, unbuttoned his collar for coolness. "Didn't we, Hump? Spent all last Saturday afternoon fixing it. Well, maybe," he

(Continued on page 64)

Suddenly she heard Ted shout, and the blanket was torn away from her face.



BABES IN Fashion Land

CLATTER of typewriter keys, school pennants aflutter, the creak of swivel chairs ridden by idle reporters, the red bulletin board with "What's Buzzin'?" in huge white letters—these things you notice first when you scamper into the *Hi-Shopper* office.

And what is the *Hi-Shopper*? It's a four-page newspaper supplement devoted exclusively to young high school people. *Hi-Shopper* reaches its public as an insert in the *Downtown Shopping News*, a newspaper which is delivered free to 750,000 Chicagoans each week.

I never knew there was so much glamour and excitement outside the movies, but since I've been in this sort of combination advertising and newspaper business—that is, since I've been editor of the *Hi-Shopper*—I've been jumping on pink clouds with the abandon of Whirlaway!

Each Saturday, the otherwise adult *Downtown Shopping News* offices, where we have our own desk space, takes on the appearance of a stadium before a scheduled high school football game. School sweaters blaze, Coke bottles accumulate in staggering numbers, and tele-

But they're not babes in the woods when it comes to running a flourishing business efficiently and imaginatively

By SHIRLEY RAPPELT
Seventeen Years Old

phones ring madly. The staff, my co-workers recruited from Chicago high schools, shuffle between layout table and drawing board through an ankle-deep sea of candy wrappers, attempting to assemble the copy and ads for the next issue of *Hi-Shopper*.

The original idea for the *Hi-Shopper* sprang from my steeped-in-journalism soul, after I'd observed my colleagues flipping through the newspa-

pers preparatory to romping off on a buying spree. They would mutter about the scads of ads devoted to collegians and very young kiddings, and wail about the lack of ads directed to their particular age group. The idea fuzzed about in my mind until Mr. Fred A. Nagel, of the Junior Achievement Association, now of the Army, came into the office of our school paper, the *Lindblom Weekly*. I was assigned to take his story. After hearing him tell of the amazing opportunities Junior Achievement offers to ambitious young people, I forgot the story and proceeded to pour forth plans for the *Shopper*. Mr. Nagel beamed with interest and promised action.

I gathered together some of the most talented high school girls and boys ever to wield a pencil or brush, and, with the aid of Junior Achievement, formed the *Hi-Shopper* Publishing Company. The original company was composed of twelve members: Elsie Jean Fisher, a student at the Art Institute of Chicago and an eventual winner of a four-year scholarship there, became the art director; and

(Continued on page 58)

Shirley Rappelt, top, and Virginia Johnson evolve captions for fashion pictures.



The "Hi-Shopper" scouts discuss clothes at the Chicago Mail Order Company office.

And then they help select new styles which are to be displayed in C.M.O.'s catalogue.





JANE C. LANGLEY, 13
Greenville, N. C.



FRANCIS HAYNES, 11
Livingston, Tex.



EMILY FONG, 17
Oakland, Calif.



PRINCESS MORNING STAR, 7
Lethbridge, Alta.



MURIEL FREEDMAN, 13
Roxbury, Mass.



BEBITA LEVANGIE, 10
West Chester, Pa.



MARILYN WARIS, 14½
Fitchburg, Mass.



AUDREY A. CHARLES, 13
Cleveland, Ohio



BETTY JACKSON, 13
Columbus, Miss.



BOBBIE J. COOK, 15
Los Angeles, Calif.



BEATRICE DUNCAN, 11
Haddonfield, N. J.



LOIS STEDCKE, 13
Rockford, Ohio



MARY JO GOBLIRSCH, 13
St. Cloud, Minn.



NAN BROCKBANK, 14, AND HER SISTERS
Provo, Utah



JOAN STARGEL, 11
Hudson, Kan.



CATHERINE YOST, 14
Humberstone, Ont.



MARTHA DOUTHIT, 14
Mooseheart, Ill.



DELMA JEANNE LIGHTY, 14
Huntington, W. Va.



NANCY HESS, 13
Philadelphia, Pa.



NAOMA WESTERGAARD, 13
San Diego, Calif.

From FAMILY

WE HAVE a new hobby—collecting the pictures of our readers which were sent in with the questionnaire "We Want to Know You Better" that we ran a while back. And now we have our own family album!

Here are some of the members of the CALLING ALL GIRLS family. Frankly, on looking over the many, many pictures of our readers, we simply gloat—we're mighty proud of "our girls"! We wish we could share with you all the fine pictures



HELEN E. WARRICK, 16
Tampa, Fla.

JOY PETERSON, 13
West Englewood, N. J.

NYDIA R. HERNÁNDEZ, 16
Río Piedras, P. R.

JANE McKELVEY, 14½
Manchester, Tenn.

DAISY MAE GROVES, 13
Washington Grove, Md.

Our ALBUM

in our album, but—you know—that paper shortage, and space. We had to pick out just a few that would come out well in print. These two pages are only a sample of our readers.

But whether they hail from Kansas or Ontario or New York, from Bermuda or California or Texas, whether they're ten years old or sixteen, judging from this sample you'll agree, we're sure, that the girls who share our—*your*—magazine are the kind of people it's nice to know.—*The Editors*



MARILYN BAUMANN, 14
Belleville, Ill.



NANCY GREEN, 10
Enid, Okla.



BETTY OWNBEY, 14
Twin Falls, Idaho



STEPHANIE JONES, 12
Seattle, Wash.



CATHERINE ANDERSON, 15
Gulfport, Miss.



MARIAN STEFFEN, 12
Highland Falls, N. Y.



JOCELYN MOTYER, 14
Hamilton, Bermuda



BARBARA C. SHOLIK, 13
Methuen, Mass.



HILARY CHRISTIAN, 13
Norman, Okla.



LUCILLE TUNJIAN, 14
Brooklyn, N. Y.



WANDA GRIDER, 14
Muncie, Ind.



MARY ALICE YOST, 15
Wilder, Idaho



M. L. CHRISTOFFERSON, 15
Valley City, N. D.



SHIRLEY E. OSBORNE, 15
Fredericton, N. B.



JOCELYN BESSE, 13
Brooks, Me.



LOLA NEWMAN, 13
Salinas, Calif.



"Margie!" Peter and Paula ran forward excitedly to meet her. "It's Halloween!"

Halloween Magic

Margie had it all figured out that the twins were sealing her social fate in Brandon. And she was right—they were!

By BERYL WILLIAMS

MARGIE DAVIS came out of South Junior High and turned right at the sidewalk toward the Brandon Nursery School. There were two boys right behind her and up ahead were three girls strolling with linked arms. Any grownup might have thought she was with one group or the other, but anybody Margie's age would have known better. Margie knew better, too. Most of the boys and girls at school didn't so much as know her name and they weren't even trying to find out.

She had been in Brandon for a week now and it had been

like this the whole time. She supposed it would go on being like this forever. Margie lifted her head a quarter-inch higher and pretended a vast concentration on the overhanging branches of the trees above her.

And it was all the twins' fault. Not that it was anything they could help, but—well, that first day of school, for example, when Margie had come out of the door with that pretty Delia Corwin, and Delia had smiled and said, "Going my way? Saw you come in this morning so you must live somewhere near me." And because of the twins Margie couldn't say yes. Nor,

of course, being new, could she say casually, "Just have to pick up my little brother and sister first. Want to come?"

So, "No, thanks. I go this way," she had murmured. And Delia had raised her eyebrows imperceptibly and said, "Oh. I see," and disappeared into the afterschool throng. Had she thought Margie was lying? Had she thought she was stuck-up and willing to tell an untruth to avoid her company? Well, if she wanted to jump at conclusions like that, let her. Let them all think what they liked. Margie hated Brandon.

The twins were waiting for her, sweaters pulled down over their round little stomachs, berets crooked on their yellow curly heads.

"Margie!" Peter ran excitedly to meet her. "It's Halloween!"

"Ha'ween!" echoed Paula.

"You didn't tell us." Peter's voice was faintly accusing.

Margie took their two small hands, nodded good-bye to the teacher, and led them outside.

"I was keeping it for a surprise," she lied, her heart sinking into her shoes.

Peter smiled, satisfied, and then made a horrible face. "Boo! I'm scaring you!" he announced, and Paula squealed delightedly. "This is how I'm going to do tonight. Look, Margie. And I'll wear my cowboy suit and I'll shoot off both the guns. Bang! Bang!"

"Bang!" Paula wrinkled up her button of a nose and frowned ferociously. "I'm goin' wear cowboy suit, too, and carry guns."

Why did nursery schools have to get children excited over holidays? All day Margie had been trying not to remember the party at Cissy's house last year in Barkley, and the fun they had all had. Oh, she remembered what day it was,

all right. And now, adding misery to misery, she remembered how the twins had wanted to get dressed up last year and how Mums had said they were too little; and how, to soothe them, Margie had said that next year they would all get dressed up and go around together. "We'll have a wonderful time!" she had said.

Oh, *why* had they had to move? If their money was really running out and Mums simply had to get a job, couldn't she have managed it somehow in Barkley? She could if she'd tried.

"What are you going to wear, Margie?"

"Oh, I'm not going to get dressed up." She didn't even try to keep the bitterness out of her voice.

And Peter must have heard it, must have known that something was wrong, because he looked up at her with suddenly darkened eyes. "But you're coming with us, aren't you?"

"No!" she wanted to shout at him. "Do you think I want to make a fool of myself in front of all these strange people? It's only in Barkley where we knew everybody that it would have been all right—for little kids like you to go out. Be still and let me alone!"

She almost said all those things. But before she could

begin Peter was adding wistfully, "We'll make everybody laugh, won't we, Margie? We'll have a lot of fun. You'll have fun, too, won't you, Margie?"

And somehow the great aching pity she had been feeling for herself all day stretched her heart a little bigger and made room for Peter in it, too. Poor Peter. He was the only one in Brandon who seemed to care if she had a good time.

"Of course," she said slowly.

And while the twins chattered she figured it out. She could at least manage so that they wouldn't be seen by any of the people at school. The Davises lived near Main Street, the dividing line between those who went to South Junior High and those who went to North Junior High. So she could take the twins across Main Street and let them ring doorbells on the other side of town. Then perhaps Delia Corwin and that handsome boy in chemistry class and the rest of them would never know that Margie Davis had nothing better to do on Halloween than amuse herself—if you could call it that—with her little brother and sister.

They went up in the apartment house elevator and Margie unlocked their door. An apartment was no kind of a home, she thought now for the hundredth time. Back in Bark-



Peter noticed it next. When his chin had stopped wobbling he said in a small voice, "It's raining."



"Good heavens!" Della said, her eyes wide. It seemed clear to Margie that she thought they were just plain disgusting little brats.

ley they had lived in a real house, with a yard and a porch with a swing on it. They hadn't been cooped up with fifty other families in a great brick box—fifty other families, most of whom they'd never seen and none of whom they'd spoken to.

But while they were eating supper it began to rain. And Margie noticed it first. Fate had suddenly smiled! The Halloween jaunt was off. Because of course the twins couldn't be allowed to get their feet wet.

Peter noticed it next. Margie saw his glowing face lose its glow, pucker up, and then tighten again. When his chin had stopped wobbling he said in a small voice, "It's raining."

"Never mind, darlings," Mums said. "You can go around just the same—right here in the apartment house. Don't you think they can, Margie?"

Right here! Oh, no, never. It was too much to ask.

"But Mother," she began.

"Margie doesn't want to go just in the apartment," Peter said, looking down at his plate. "That wouldn't be any fun for her. And we don't care, do we, Paula?"

"Of course we'll go around," Margie heard herself saying. "It will be swell. You can shoot off your guns outside people's doors and they'll be awfully scared."

She hadn't meant to say it. It was the last thing in the world she wanted to say. But something about Peter's face, something about the way he had thought instantly of whether she would enjoy it or not, had made her do it. And before she could squirm out of the mess she had made for herself, Mums was looking at her proudly and

it was too late.

Margie told herself that their first visit would be the hardest. And so she braced herself, standing with the twins outside of "Adams—5A," on the floor below their own. She just couldn't make herself ring bells right here on their own floor.

She knocked, Peter said, "Bang! Bang!" loudly, and both the sounds echoed hollowly down the corridor. Margie could feel Paula stiffening with delicious fright beside her. The door opened.

"My little brother and sister," Margie began, hating herself for her apologetic manner but not able to overcome it. She was inexpressibly grateful when the man who stood in the doorway ignored her.

"Great guns! Cowboys!" he exclaimed, and Peter and Paula laughed with joy. "Sally, come look—cowboys! And you'd better come with your hands up," he added, raising his own.

A woman appeared in the hall behind him and at sight of the twins she put on a magnificently frightened look and her hands went above her head. "Oh, John, will they shoot us?"

"Can't tell. Look pretty dangerous. Maybe we could bribe them with some candy. Would you spare our lives if we gave you all the candy in the house?"

Margie realized that she was smiling. It was the first time she had smiled and meant it in a week, but they were so nice; they were behaving so exactly as Peter and Paula wanted.

"We won't take it all," Peter said now, and he swaggered into the living room.

Mrs. Adams smiled and then she said, "By the way, aren't you the new people upstairs? I've been wanting to call on your mother but I was afraid she wasn't settled yet and wouldn't welcome any visitors."

It was easy to talk to her. Margie found herself telling all about Mums' working and everything, and before she realized how long they had been there, Peter was saying with polite impatience, "We'd better go now."

(Continued on page 33)

GIRLS in the NEWS

TORONTO DAILY STAR

The Dallas Morning News

The New York Times



1



2

1—Ration for a princess. Princess Margaret Rose of England, left, runs to collect her ration of food from a picnic meal she helped to prepare on a visit to a Girl Guides camp in England.

Press Association Photo

2—Canteen centers. A artificial spectator watches the table tennis techniques at the Juvenile Canteen in New York City. The canteen, open to girls and boys thirteen to seventeen, is sponsored by the Juvenile Service League in cooperation with the American Women's Voluntary Services.

AP Photo

3—London cubs. Fifteen-year-old Joan Phillips holds three lively month-old fox cubs, new arrivals at the London Zoo. Joan is an assistant in the zoo's Children's Corner.

British Combine Photo

4—Ship's mascot. Bluebird Phyllis Johnson, 6, and Camp Fire Girl Shirley Love, 12, present a cat to an officer of the "S. S. Camp Nansen," a tanker named in honor of the Portland, Ore., Camp Fire Girls camp on the Sandy River. In addition to the mascot, which was named "Salty" by the ship's captain, the camp also supplied varied recreation material for the crewmen.

5—The winner! Winning out over 40,000 other contestants, 17-year-old Marian Sweet, of Glendale, Calif., was given the first prize of a \$250 War Bond for the dress design she submitted to the Teen-timers, Inc., national "Design and Name It" contest. The dress, a smart little number for dates, was named "Cake-ette," as suggested by Dolores Yuccare of Pittsburgh, Pa.



3



4



5

They BACK UP the FRONT

The girls and boys of the American Junior Red Cross have made everything from altar cloths to ash trays—and all of it aids the war effort

By JEAN DAIN

VARIETY is the life of the American Junior Red Cross. Name an activity, any activity—well, any constructive activity—and you can probably find it on the Junior Red Cross list. There are 18,000,000 girls and boys in there pitching, backing up the fighting front in many ingenious and most helpful ways. They have proved that they are ready, willing, and able to meet almost any task to

which they may be assigned.

An example—an extreme one, we admit, but a true one—was when the new aircraft carrier *Wasp* was commissioned in Boston Harbor. A rush request from the chaplain fell into the hands of eight Junior Red Cross girls of the Boston Trade School. The chaplain wanted an altar cloth in three days! The girls turned out a beautiful antique velvet cloth, bound and bordered with gold,

a three weeks' job, in thirty-six hours. They were in the middle of the final pressing when the Red Cross chapter officials arrived to take the cloth to the ship. At first glance it may seem that the connection of this job with the war effort is a little remote—but if you stop to think about it you will realize what a great contribution to the morale of the men of the *Wasp* this finely-made altar cloth is.

In schools all over America, Junior Red Cross members are right behind the armed forces. Since Pearl Harbor, manual training, home economics, and art students have rolled 25,000,000 production items off school assembly lines. Comfort articles such as writing boards, bedroom slippers, table lamps, utility bags, bed trays, bathrobes; recreation articles such as soli-



Furniture from shop and home economics classes will brighten Army camp recreation rooms.

taire boards, Chinese checker boards, ring toss; and such holiday favors as menu covers, carnival caps, greeting cards, and ash trays have gone to fathers, brothers, friends, and strangers in camps and hospitals in this country and abroad.

A writing board might seem to be an insignificant item but it must mean something when a wounded soldier in the South Pacific could and did write this: "You don't know what it meant to receive that writing board

vade hospital tents, Red Cross clubs, jungle and desert mess halls, filling stockings of fighting Yanks. Christmas-tree trimmings, tray favors, greeting cards, ice-cream decorations, and bulletin-board material—

monotony and the lack of home-like atmosphere, the Junior Red Cross turns out menu covers by the thousands for Navy mess tables on Christmas Day. This year 550,000 will go to warships and naval stations



The Junior Red Cross cooperates with Santa Claus to cheer the boys in hospitals at Christmas.

you made. I've been in this hospital more than five months, and boy, have I been homesick! Yesterday the nurse brought me this writing board, and when I turned it over and saw 'Made by the Junior Red Cross, Wilson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota,' I let out a yell and began to cry. I went to Wilson High School and live only a few blocks from there. I can tell you I just hugged that board. I just want you to know that soldiers appreciate these things."

At Christmas time, St. Nick and the Junior Red Cross frequently team together to in-

all made by junior members in school art classes—sometimes bring home a good deal closer to a soldier. General Eisenhower's wife made the comment, "I know what it means to our gallant, probably homesick, men to receive on Christmas morning something made with all the love American boys and girls can put into such work."

Junior members are fully aware that a sailor's life aboard ship is not always a happy one. In fact, it's pretty dull sometimes in the periods between bombings and submarine attacks. To give a lift to the

wherever possible. Men in hospitals in this country are remembered, too, on holidays; they find holiday favors of all kinds and shapes on their bed trays and dining tables. The following letter was written by the commanding officer at the United States Navy Receiving Station in Boston after eating chow with hospitalized sailors at a table decorated by the Junior Red Cross: "Before diving into their food, most of the men picked up these little gifts and looked at them. It was really a thrill to watch the expressions on their faces."

"Quick-change artists" is the only term for Oklahoma City junior members who last Christmas transformed the bare chapel windows at Will Rogers and Tinker Fields into brilliant stained glass. Art students in
(Continued on page 62)

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Gilly Prescott, newcomer to Clinton High School, felt almost at home when she saw a chance to exercise her favorite hobby by entering the candid camera contest. And when red-haired Doug McCord offered her the use of his darkroom for printing her negatives, she was so grateful that she decided to take a picture of Doug's father through the window of his flower shop. She ruined her first attempt by making a double exposure, but was satisfied with her second shot. But when she showed Doug the print he just stared at it and said, "Who is that? I never saw that guy before in my life." Before Gilly could answer, a frightened shout interrupted them. Now go on with Chapter II.

The date Gilly had dreamed about turned into a nightmare when Doug's father was mysteriously hurt

By ADAM ALLEN, Author of "New Brooms Experiment"

FOR a long minute there was silence in Doug's little darkroom, and he and Gilly stood as motionless as statues in the low red glow of the safelight.

Finally Gilly reached stupidly for the switch and turned it

on, as if brighter illumination could somehow make more understandable those words that had just been shouted up the stairs from the flower shop below. In the same instant Doug jerked into consciousness, and said hoarsely, "Dad!"

As he moved toward the door the voice shouted again, repeating the message that had struck them both silent a moment before.

"Hey! Anybody home up there? Something's happened to Mr. McCord! Come down here quick!"

Doug disappeared and Gilly put out a futile hand to stop him. Not that she really meant to, of course. But suddenly she was frightened. Even with the bright light on overhead, the small room had become terrifying.

Her common sense and her manners told her that she had no business rushing off after Doug. If something serious had happened to his father, he might not want a comparative stranger hanging around. But Gilly didn't listen to the prompting that told her that.

"Maybe I can help," she murmured under her breath to reassure herself, and ran out of the room and down the stairs in the direction Doug had just gone.

The stairs ended in a little narrow hall that opened on the street. But to the right was a door that led into the flower shop. It looked gay and full of color, and in the window Gilly could see the great handsome gold chrysanthemums that she



Doug was on his knees, bending over a figure that lay behind the counter.



'What's happened here?' the bigger of the two policemen asked in a loud voice, indicating the florist's thin, limp figure.

had admired there earlier in the evening.

She waited in the shop doorway a moment, not quite so frightened now that she could see Doug again. But immediately afterward she was ashamed of having thought of herself at all.

Doug was on his knees, bending over a figure that lay behind the counter. All Gilly could see of it was the top of a graying head.

"Dad," Doug said quietly. "Can you hear me, Dad?"

"He's been hit on the head, I think, son."

Gilly glanced over at the third person in the shop, and realized that it must have been

he who called up to Doug. She liked the quiet sympathetic voice of this man in the long white apron. He owned the vegetable store next door, she decided; she had seen him piling up oranges when she came past.

"I just dropped in to see if he wanted a game of chess after he closed up this evening," the vegetable man was saying, "and I found him like that. He—his heart's beating all right, though."

"Doug, can I do anything?" Gilly asked.

He glanced around at her, his eyes dark with worry.

"Shouldn't I telephone for a doctor?" she added quickly.

"That's it—the little girl's right. I'll do it. I'll get Doc Edwards. He lives right near. Unless you people got a doctor of your own?"

"No. Get him, please, Mr. Cartwright."

While the call was being put through, Gilly tiptoed around the corner of the counter and knelt down beside Doug. She took one of Mr. McCord's thin hands in her own.

He looked very much like Doug, she thought irrelevantly, in spite of the fact that Doug's hair was red, and that it was somehow impossible to imagine Doug lying as quietly as his father lay now.

"What could have happened to him?" Doug whispered, and Gilly wished she could hold his hand, too. He sounded so terribly worried. "Could he have fallen, or...?"

Gilly got resolutely to her feet. She dampened her handkerchief in one of the great tall vases in the refrigerator. The vivid, fragrant roses and carnations that stood in the cases seemed almost indecently cheerful, she thought;

she had the unreasonable wish that she could take them all away somewhere. Then, bending down again, she laid the cool, wet handkerchief on Mr. McCord's white forehead and gently bathed his face.

"Thanks," Doug whispered.

After that none of them spoke. They huddled unmoving about the florist's quiet figure and time seemed to stand still. But it was only some five minutes later that Dr. Edwards arrived.

"Hello, Cartwright," he said brusquely. "What's happened? And what're you doing here?"

Cartwright just nodded toward the counter and then

stepped aside. The doctor asked no more questions. With a wave of his hand he motioned Gilly and Doug away, and took the boy's place on the floor. They all stood by anxiously while the doctor's trained fingers felt for a pulse and then probed gently along the side of the gray head.

"Hard blow," he said finally. "He'll be conscious in a minute, though. He isn't really badly hurt."

Relief poured visibly into Doug's face.

"Better call the police," the doctor added, matter-of-factly.

"Police?" Doug echoed.

"You don't think he got this way butting his head on a rose, do you?"

Gilly didn't have the least inclination to laugh and she knew the doctor had had no intention of being funny.

In a moment Cartwright was putting in another call, to the police this time, and Doug had gone back to his father. Shortly after Cartwright hung up, Mr. McCord opened his eyes, slowly, and the doctor bent over him again.

"Dad," Doug said, "are you all right?"

"Let him alone," the doctor warned kindly. "He'll have to talk to the police when they get here, so he'd better rest now."

"Police?" Mr. McCord murmured, in a thin thread of a voice.

Gilly saw Doug force himself to smile. "It's nothing, Dad. Somebody must have tried to knock you out, but the doctor says you're going to be all right. Just don't worry now."

The smile that passed between them made Gilly's heart turn over. She had guessed, 18

from the way Doug spoke of his father that first day she talked to him, that they were very close; but now she saw visible evidence of that closeness. She wondered what Doug's mother had been like.

"I ought to get out of here," Gilly thought. "I'm only in the way."

But she stayed. And a few

"The money's gone!" Doug said, staring into the open drawer.



minutes later a police car screeched to a stop outside, and two blue-coated men came into the shop. Gilly edged over against a wall, and tried to be inconspicuous.

"What's happened here?" the bigger of the two asked in a loud voice.

The shorter, stockier man didn't say anything. He just looked around, as if he were seeing everything. And then he took out a small notebook and busily began to write in it.

Dr. Edwards began the explanation, and then motioned toward Mr. Cartwright for the earlier details when he had finished with his own account of Mr. McCord's condition.

"What'd you say his name was?" the big policeman asked, indicating the florist's thin, limp figure.

"McCord. Douglas McCord," Doug answered. "I'm his son."

"Strangers in town, aren't you?"

Strangers! Gilly stared at the officer—Sergeant Gresham, he was, she'd discovered by this time—and then at Doug. Why, she'd taken for granted, from the moment she met Doug, that he was an old resident and knew everybody in town.

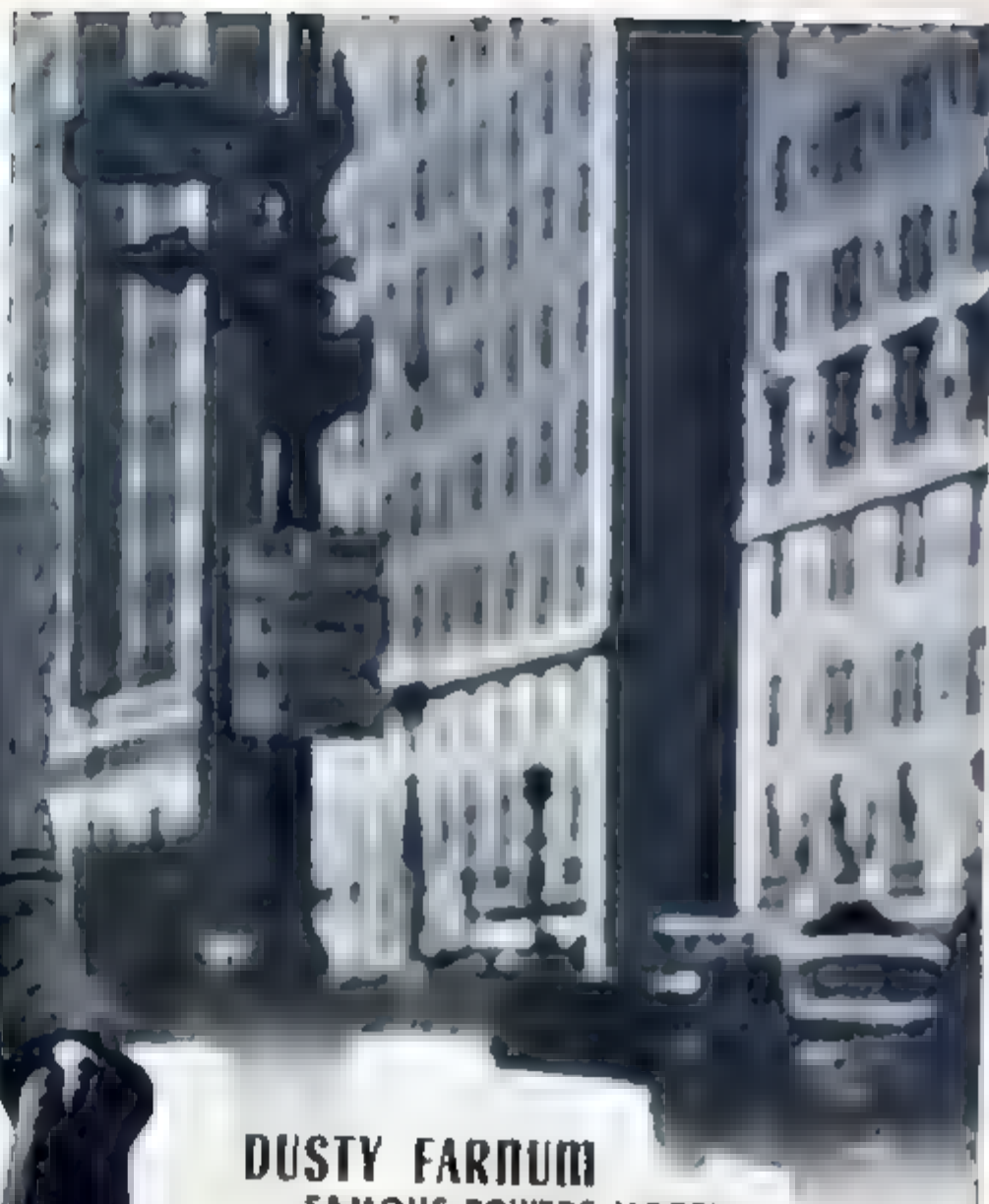
"We moved here about a month ago," Doug said.

For a split second he glanced over at Gilly, and their eyes met. She was ashamed that at such a moment it could occur to her that this gave them something else in common besides their mutual liking for photography. They were both newcomers to Clinton.

The doctor let them talk to Mr. McCord then. Gilly wished the other policeman, Patrolman Claggett, would be allowed to ask

the questions; he looked as if he would be nicer about it. But Sergeant Gresham kept everything in his own hands and Patrolman Claggett stayed quietly in the background. Even though he wasn't asking any of the questions, Gilly could see that he wasn't missing any tricks. He listened attentively to everything that was said; his eyes carefully surveyed the shop.

Gilly could see Doug's fists (Continued on page 38)



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MOVIES of the Month

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS

Movie Editor

1—Greer Garson sacrifices her red-gold locks for black hair to play Mrs. Parkington in the film of that name. Wonder if fans will stop calling Walter Pidgeon and Greer Mr. and Mrs. Miniver now that they're the Parkingtons of New York and London? (MGM)

2—Laraine Day has what film folks call a new personality in "Bride by Mistake," with Alan Marshall. Gone is her set smile—she is sparkling, gay, and appealing. (RKO)

3—Jeanne Crain, whom you liked so well in "Home in Indiana," is a bride with a husband off to war in "In the Meantime, Darling." But in the meantime, dear readers, there's a quarrel which will have you hoping and hoping that Jeanne won't lose Frank Latimore. Nice, isn't he? (20th C-Fox)

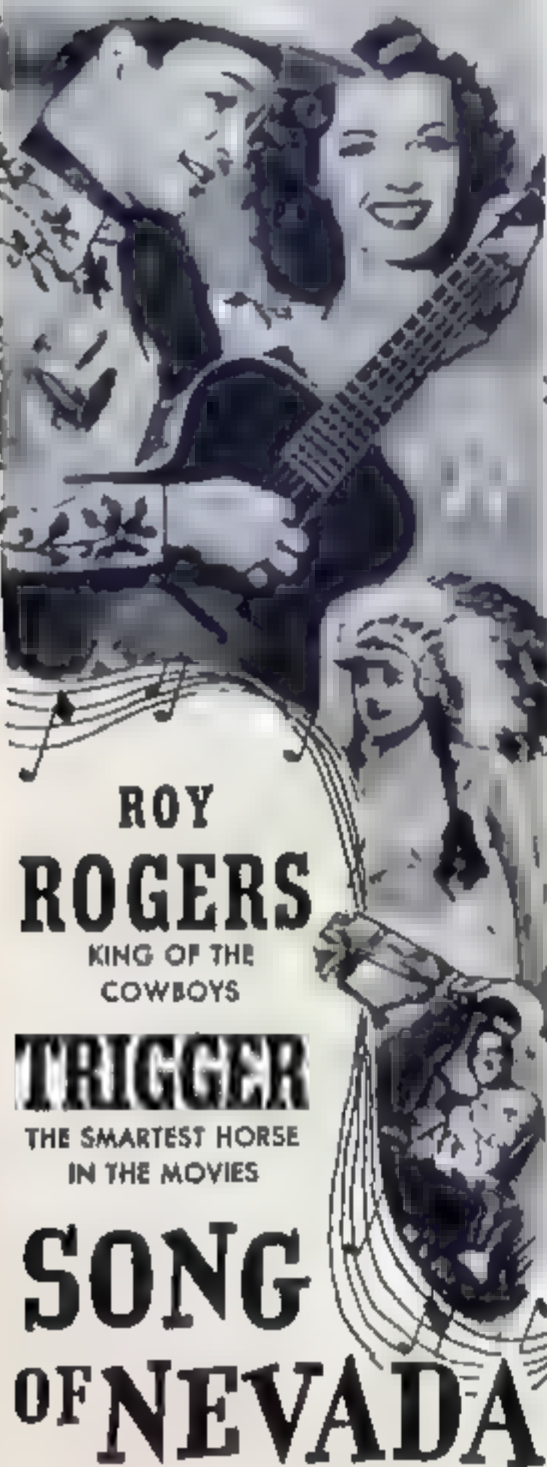
4—From Edward Gargan's empty bun it must be meatless Tuesday—and he's getting scant sympathy from Roy Rogers. In "San Fernando Valley" Roy continues to be

likable, his sense of humor, singing voice, and horse Trigger, all in fine fettle. (Rep.)

5—"Till We Meet Again" is a sad but tender story of a young girl from a French convent who helps an American aviator escape to England at the cost of her own life. Barbara Britton and Ray Milland are very real and sympathetic in roles that might have seemed false if less well played. (Para.)

6—Van Johnson and Robert Walker, two of your favorites, make "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a war movie girls will flock to. Besides, we all want to see the film version of Major Doolittle's first historic raid on Tokyo. Spencer Tracy is the major. (MGM)

7—Bing and Bob work their way to Alaska back in gold rush days. There, in "The Road to Utopia," they are hunted by Dorothy Lamour (wouldn't be a "Road" film without Dotty) who thinks they murdered her pa. The socko finish—but we aren't telling! (Para.)



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THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

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To Do?" "Harem Scarem Bunch of
the Haremum" "A Cowboy Hat
To Yodel in the Morning"

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Teachers Are Only **HUMAN**

What makes teachers tick—and tsk-tsk? Maybe you'll find out if you take a teacher's-eye view of the classroom

By EUGENIA LIMEDORFER

THERE are two sides to every question. Of course, you know that, and sometimes you wish that other people would try to see things from your side once in a while. That Miss Smathers, the new English teacher, for instance—she's such an old fuss-budget. She just doesn't realize what it is to be young; probably she was just the same prissy old maid when she was your age that she is now, but you do

wish she'd try to be a little human. She might understand that there are some things in the world more important than the way you behave in her old English class.

Well, she might try to see your side of it; perhaps, though she doesn't seem to show it, she does see more of your side than you think. But have you ever looked at the English class from her side of the teacher's desk? You might get an en-

tirely different point of view!

Why do you suppose Miss Smathers worked to get on that side of the desk in the first place? Teaching isn't something you just drift into; you have to plan for it and train for it. It can't be the money, either, or Miss Smathers would be pounding rivets into steel instead of facts into you. Actually, it is probably the excitement of teaching that makes Miss Smathers stay behind her desk instead of rushing out to Join Something or Do Something, because Miss Smathers knows that on the pupils whom she teaches will depend the winning of the next twenty years. When one of you learns

how to say clearly and convincingly exactly what she means, when one of you suddenly wakes up to the fact that poetry means something important, when one of you realizes that the defeat of the Spanish Armada had something definite to do with Shakespeare's plays and Sandburg's poetry, and that this war will have equally far-reaching results — then Miss Smathers knows that the work you and she are doing together is the most important in the world. Of course she doesn't go about bright and starry-eyed all the time; nobody can, what with headaches and wor-

ries and heartaches and all the other troubles human beings are subject to, and anyway you wouldn't like her if she did; but that is probably the way she feels inside a large part of the time.

What happens, though, when Miss Smathers' hopes for you come up against a class of pupils? (One teacher to how many pupils?) Some pupils seem to be chronic wigglers, who just do not sit quietly for even one minute. If there were only one in the room, the processes of learning might go on, but wiggling seems to be contagious. In a few minutes there are two—no, four—no,

seven squirming specimens of apparently brainless humanity! Is it any wonder that Miss Smathers snaps out, "Mary Jane, sit still!" What goes for wiggling goes for giggling, too, and for yawns, and for the heavy-head-on-the-hands angle in work periods or when you're listening to something that is being read, and most of all it goes for the absent-minded-sheep attitude when the class is taking a trip somewhere. Much as Miss Smathers may sympathize with your high spirits or wandering ideas, she simply cannot let you go your own way. As one harassed teacher
(Continued on page 56)

Have a "Coke" = On with the dance



...or keeping the younger set happy at home

Hot records and cold "Coke" . . . and the gang is happy. Your icebox at home is just the place for frosty bottles of "Coke". Your family and all their friends will welcome it. At home and away from home, Coca-Cola stands for *the pause that refreshes*,—has become a symbol of gracious American hospitality.



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It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called "Coke".

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Fragrant as a rose

Make sure the perfume you waft
as you pass by is the fragrance of flower freshness

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

ALL too often the thing closest to us is the very thing we notice least—but what an impression it does make on other people! Mm-hmm, we mean the personal odor which clings to us and comes from our bodies, hair, clothing, and breath—delightfully dainty and individual, or horrid—depending on our habits of personal cleanliness and the selection we make of perfumed toilet preparations.

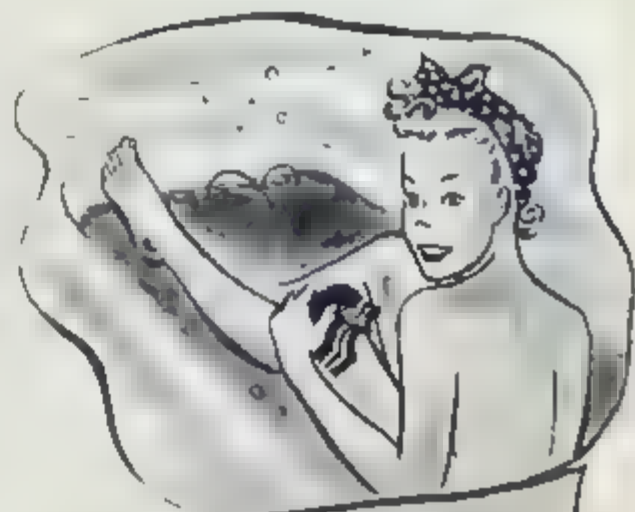
Daintiness is not a matter of special occasions, but an everyday affair—in the classroom, for instance, where proximity, poor ventilation, and warmth create an "atmosphere." We'll go into the matter of perfume later, but it should never be used as a cover-up for less-than-absolute cleanliness, so let's start with—

THE ORDER OF THE BATH—Frequent baths, every day if possible. If less often, a daily sponge bath will help keep you sweet. In tub or shower use warm water, soap that agrees with your skin, preferably a pleasant-smelling one, washcloth or bath mitt, and probably a nailbrush. No, dipping in and out in a minute flat won't give you that glowing cleanliness every girl should have. You simply must take time to soap and rinse thoroughly, all over, to work a little harder on the back of the neck, elbows, knees, and feet. Use a soft nailbrush if necessary—bare legs do get grimy and so do toes in mousehole shoes.

Pat dry with a thirsty towel, unless you're one of those "brisk rub" addicts. And for lasting fragrance, finish off with a dusting of bath powder, or a refreshing application of cologne.

P. S. Before extra-special dates you can treat yourself to ultra elegance by sprinkling bath salts, bubble bath, or perfumed oil in your tub of warm water.

LET IT NEVER BE WHISPERED ABOUT YOU—It's perfectly normal and healthy to perspire, but you needn't advertise the fact by carrying around an unpleasant aroma. There are many harmless deodorants available. Regular applications under the arms and, if necessary, on the feet, neutralize perspiration odor. There are medically approved preparations that check perspiration for use under the arms, if you find that you perspire



excessively. Be sure to read and follow the directions printed on the package. Of course no preparation will take the place of bathing.

Perspiration odor clings to clothing, so air shoes, dresses, blouses, sweaters thoroughly after each wearing. If possible, wear fresh underclothing every day, or change frequently. Wash stockings after each wearing, both for freshness and to prolong their life.

SWEET-SMELLING HAIR—Your hair accumulates dust and oil which may produce an unpleasant odor. Be careful to shampoo at regular intervals, and brush thoroughly

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For your
**FIRST
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Fits beautifully into
the life of
get about
and be seen
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WEAVER, WEAVER, WEAVER, WEAVER, WEAVER
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every day. Use a clean brush and if your hair is especially oily, try the trick of putting an old stocking over the bristles and brushing with that; it helps remove some of the greasiness.

THE INSIDE STORY—Offensive odor may come from within as well as without—from teeth or digestion. Be sure to give scrupulous attention to night and morning tooth brushing with a good dentifrice, and use a mouth wash if necessary. If this routine care does not succeed in keeping your breath sweet, you'd better see your dentist. Avoid upset tummy or poor elimination. Proper diet, rest, and drinking plenty of water every day will do wonders to keep your digestive system functioning normally.

PERFUME AND YOU—No doubt about it, there's glamour in a perfume that expresses your personality, but of course you have to use discretion about choosing perfume or it may be "off key" and will spoil, rather than enhance, the effect you want to create. Whether you prefer sweet, flowery, or spicy scents is up to you, but definitely the heavy exotic perfumes should be saved for use at a later age than the teens.

Be subtle about using perfume or scented preparations, please! If people sniff when you come into the room, you've definitely overdone it. There should be just enough to make a boy you are dancing with conscious that you smell awfully nice. You'll achieve a truly smooth effect by using light perfumes, using them sparingly, tucking sachets or new cakes of soap in your closet and bureau drawers, so that your clothes take on fragrance, too.

Here's hoping you're the girl people remember as being fresh as a daisy and fragrant as a rose!



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**LUXed stockings
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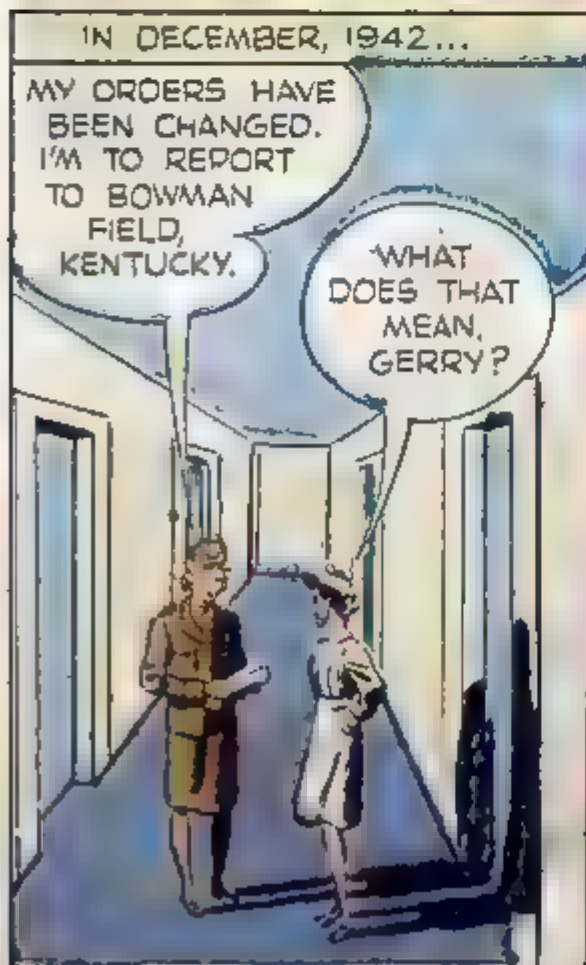
MY ORDERS HAVE BEEN CHANGED. I'M TO REPORT TO BOWMAN FIELD, KENTUCKY.

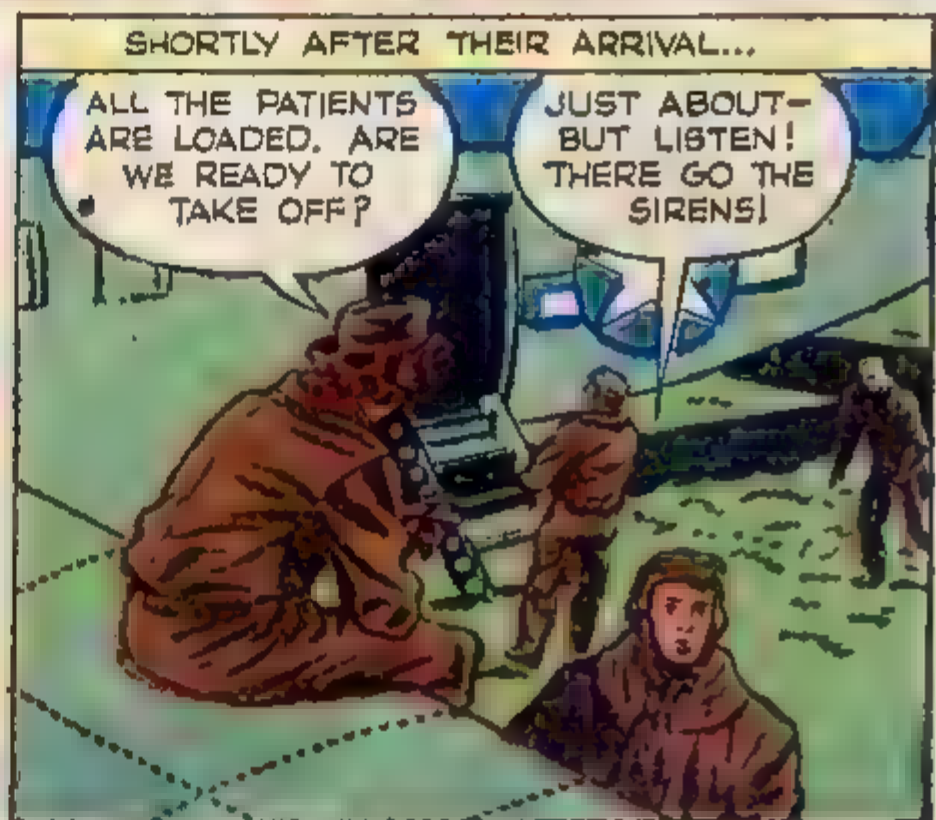
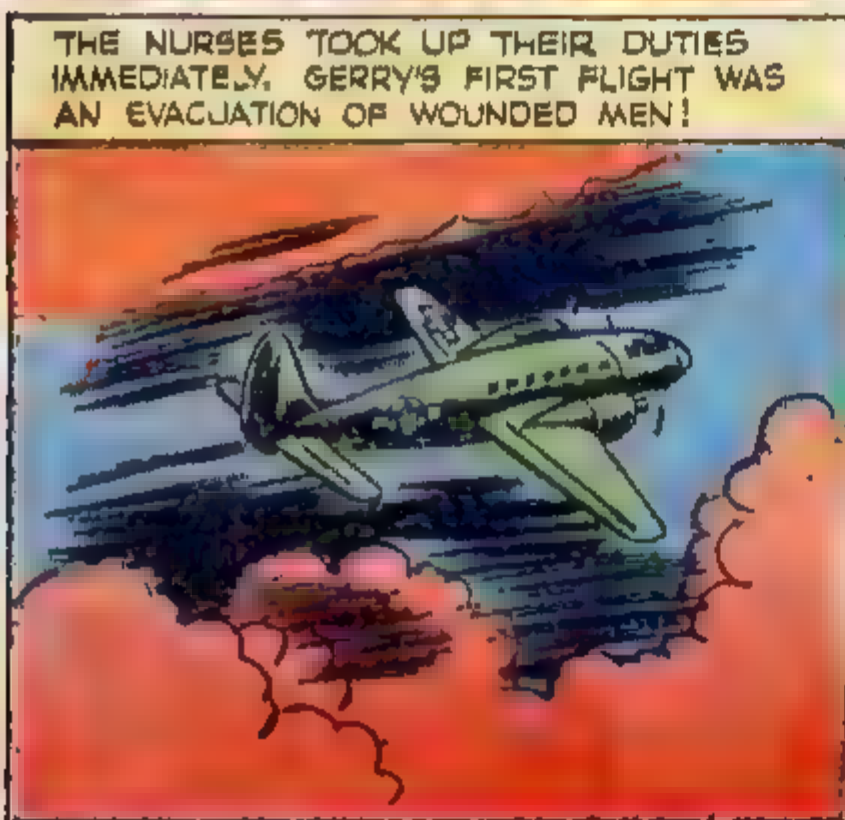
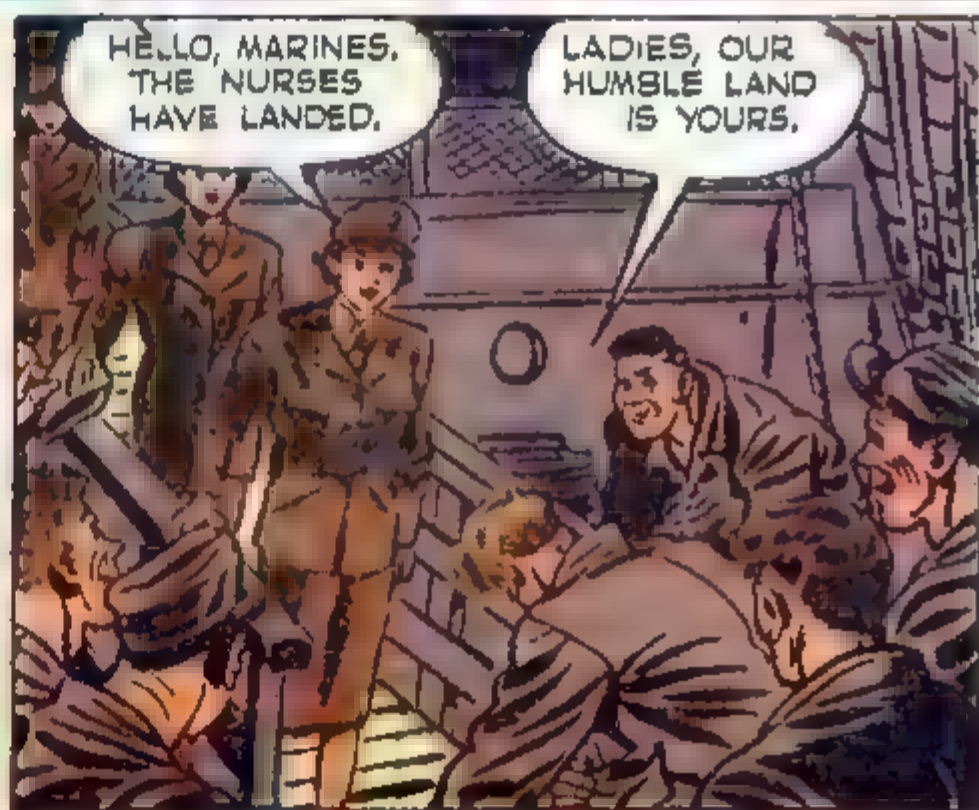
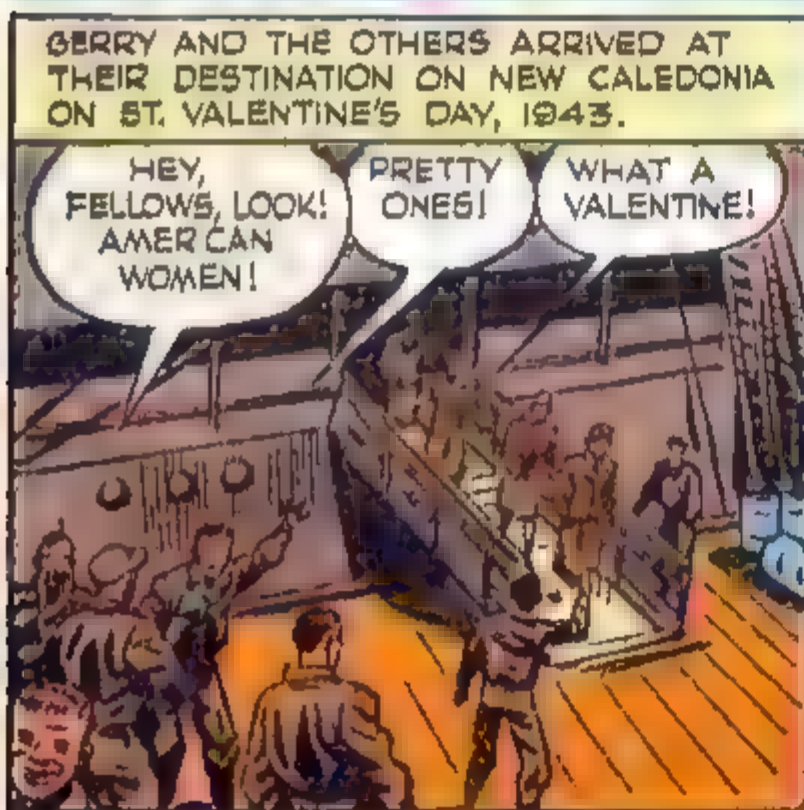
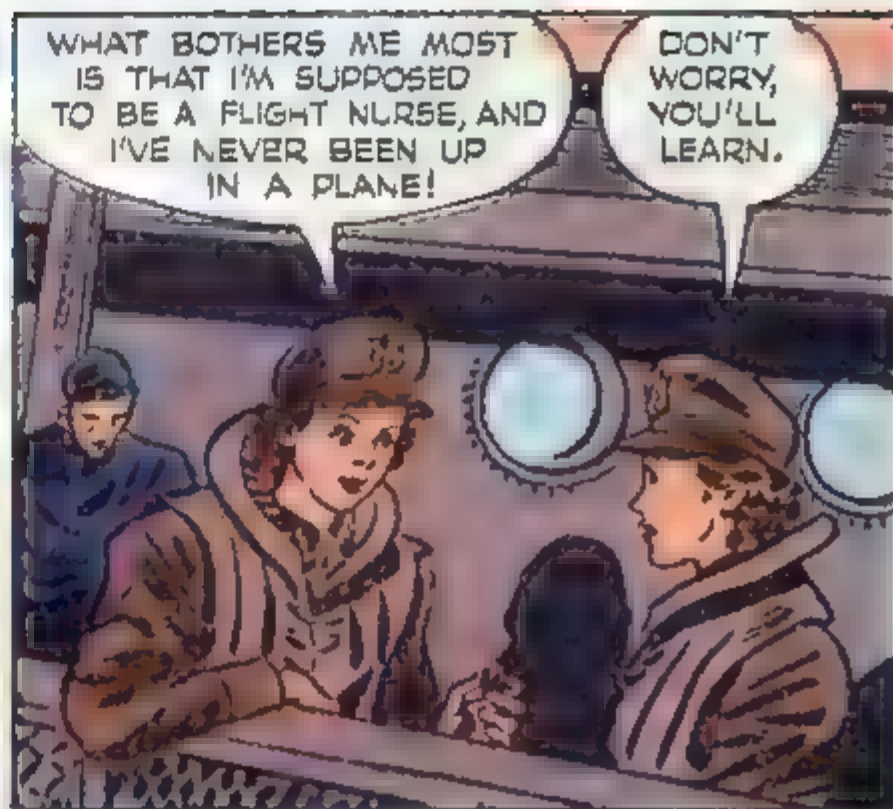
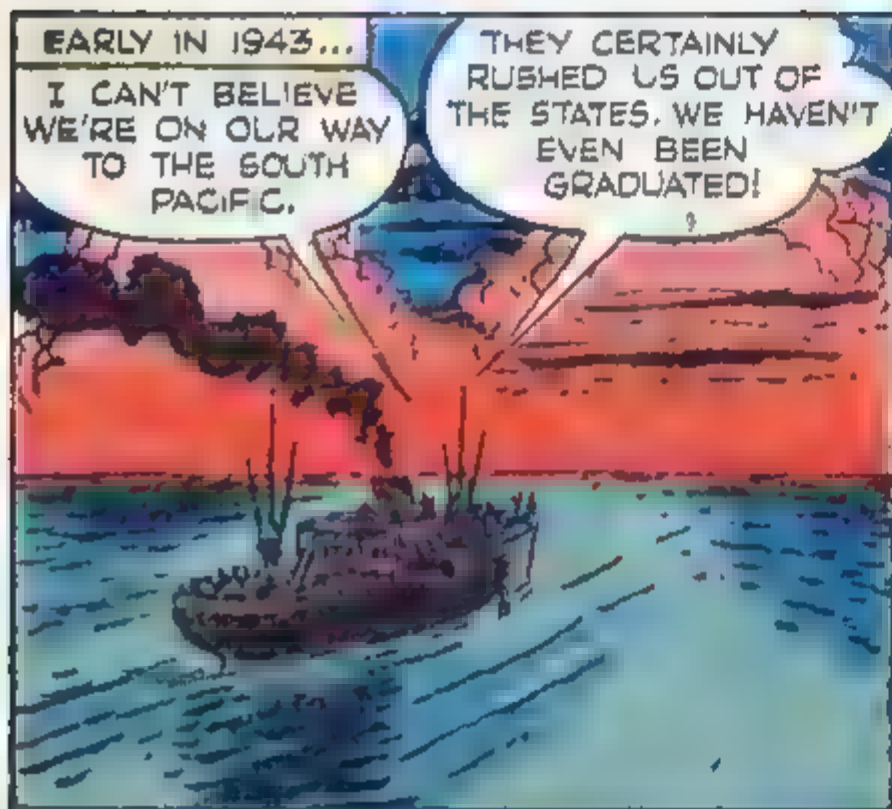
WHAT DOES THAT MEAN, GERRY?

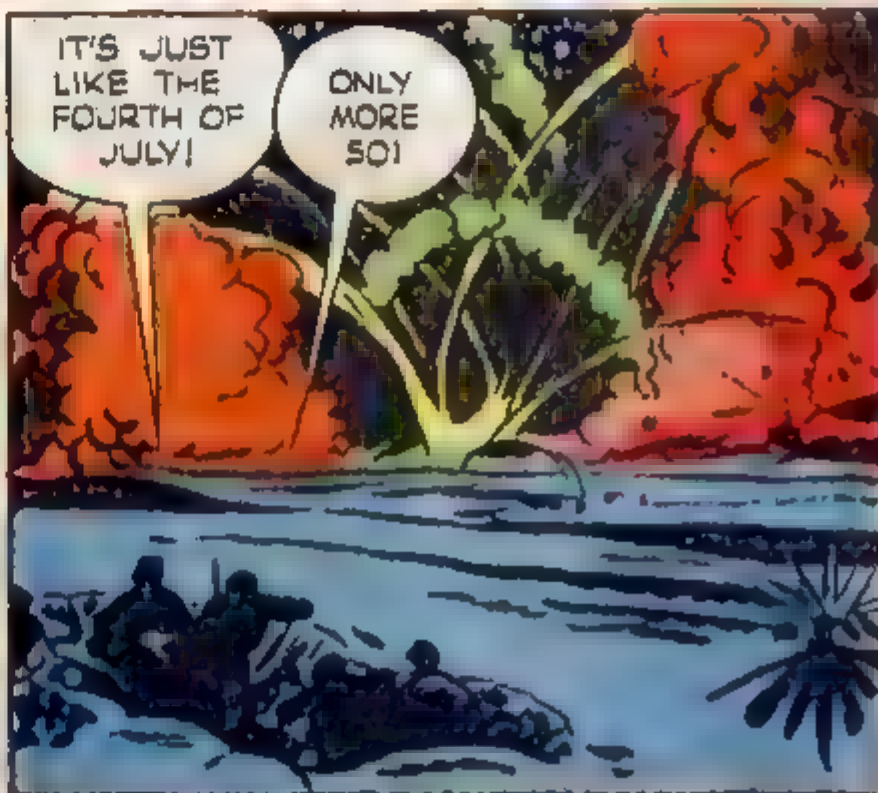
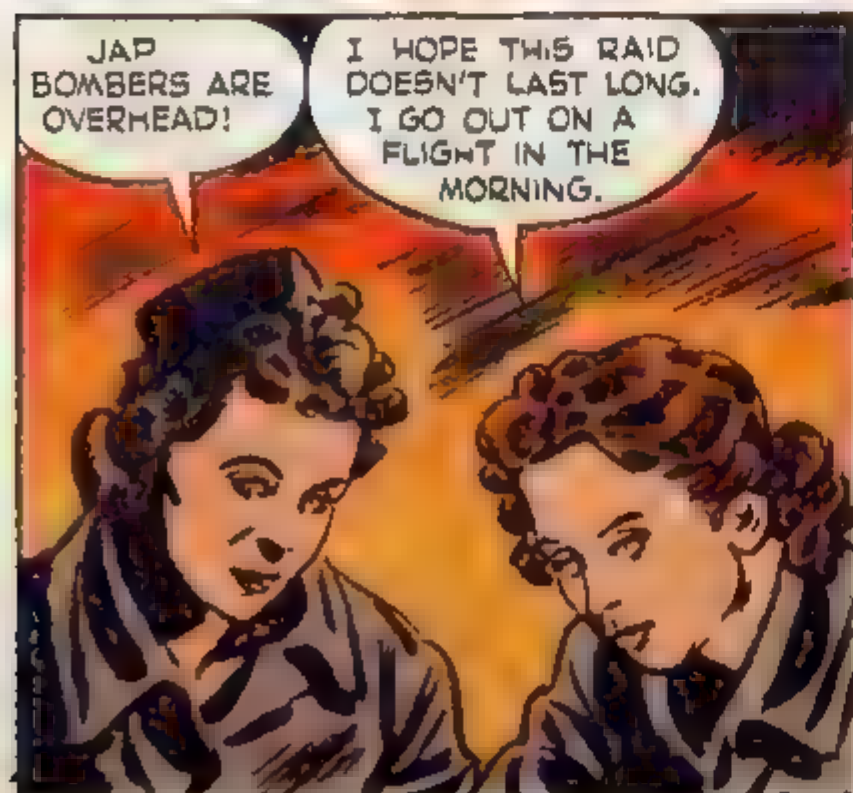
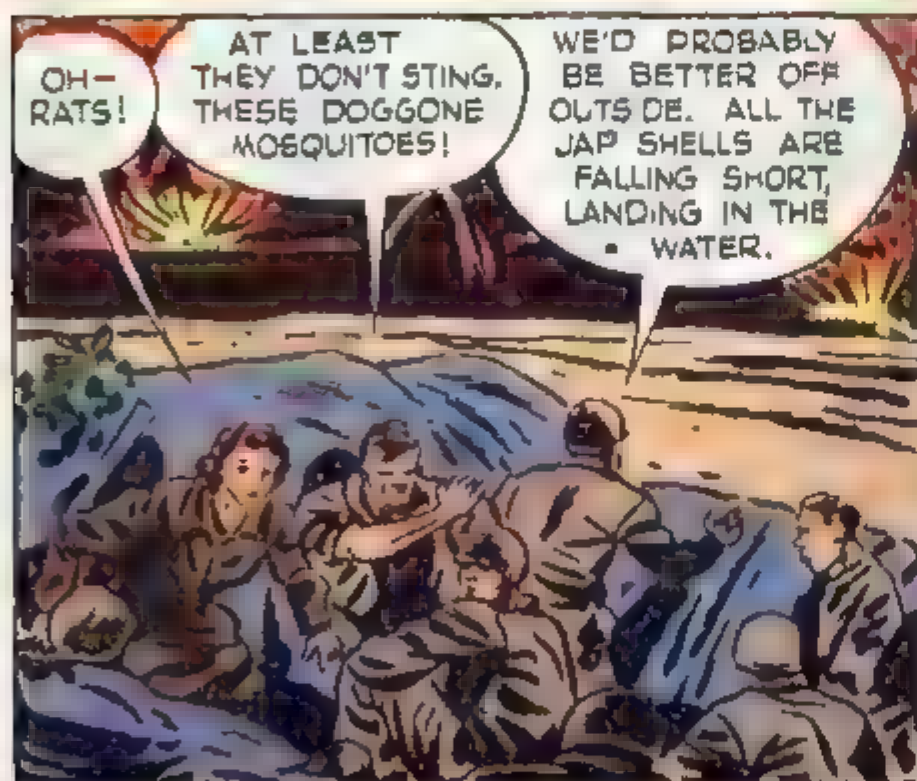
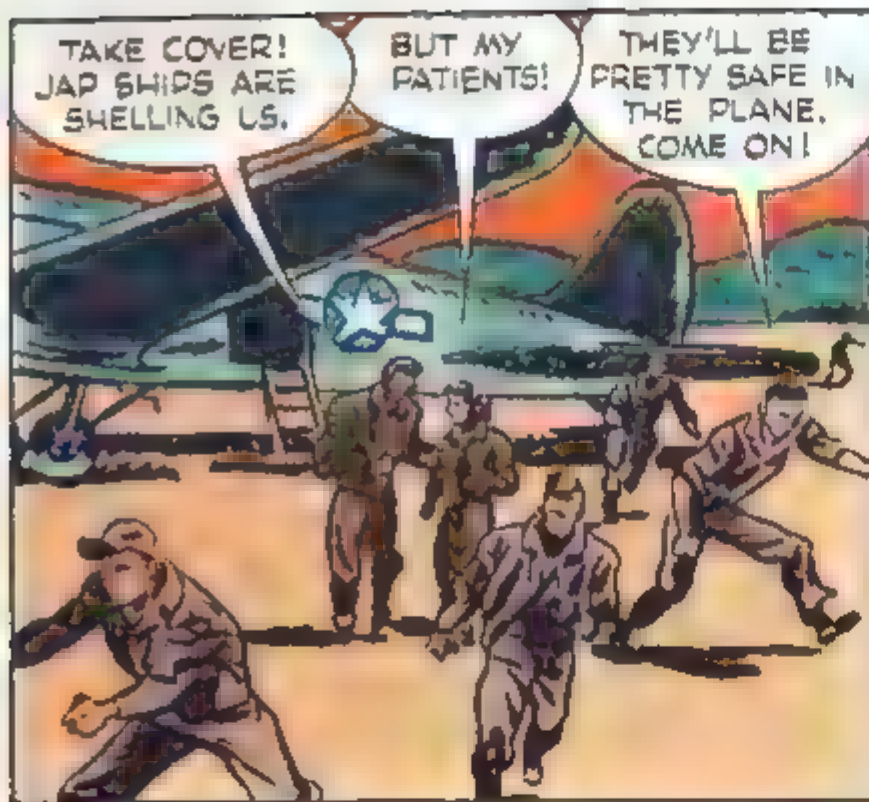
IT'S AN ARMY AIR FIELD, BUT I HOPE THIS WON'T JUST MEAN DUTY AT THE BASE HOSPITAL. I WANT OVERSEAS SERVICE.

GERRY GOT NOT ONLY OVERSEAS TRAINING, BUT MORE.

THIS IS TO BE AN AIR EVACUATION SCHOOL TO FURNISH A TECHNICAL TRAINING PROGRAM FOR FLIGHT NURSES.







HOURS AND HOURS LATER, THE BATTLE STILL RAGED...

WE'VE BEEN
IN THIS FOXHOLE
SIX HOURS!

THAT'S A
RECORD!

NOT A
RECORD I
WAS ANXIOUS
TO MAKE!



LOOK, THE
P-38'S HAVE
ARRIVED.

THAT MEANS
WE'LL BE OUT
OF HERE
SOON!



TWO
BOMBERS
DOWN!
HOORAY!

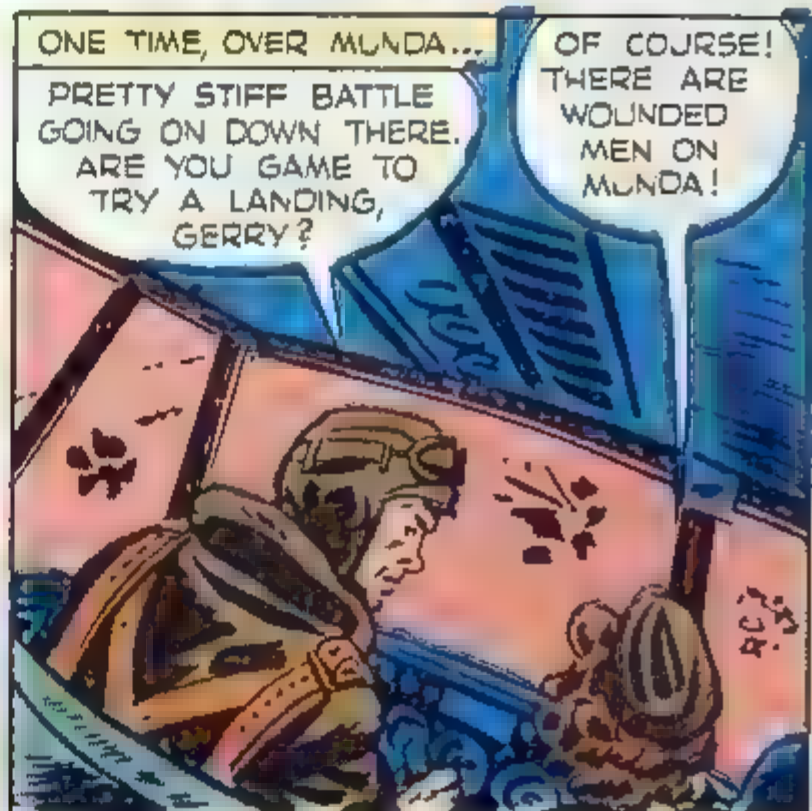
YOU'D THINK
WE WERE AT
A FOOTBALL
GAME!

GERRY, YOU'VE
JUST SEEN
SOME REAL
TOUCHDOWNS!



ONE TIME, OVER MUNDA...
PRETTY STIFF BATTLE
GOING ON DOWN THERE.
ARE YOU GAME TO
TRY A LANDING,
GERRY?

OF COURSE!
THERE ARE
WOUNDED
MEN ON
MUNDA!

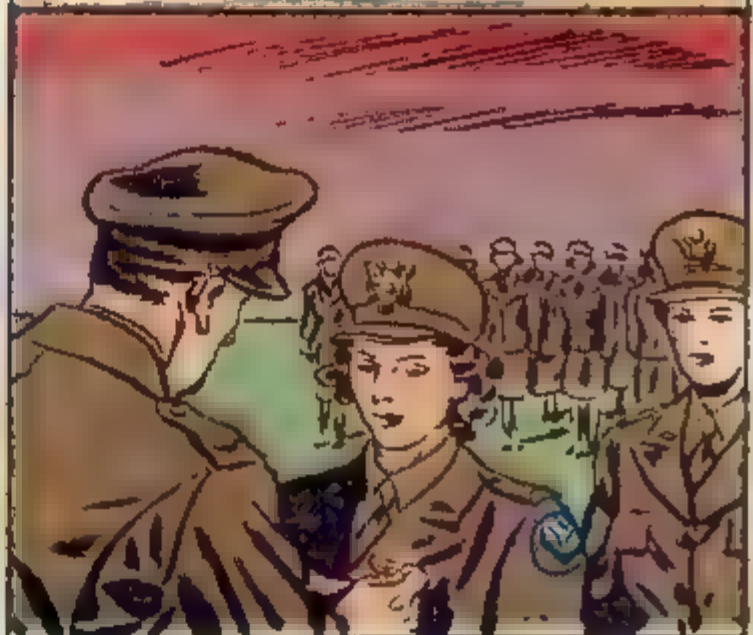


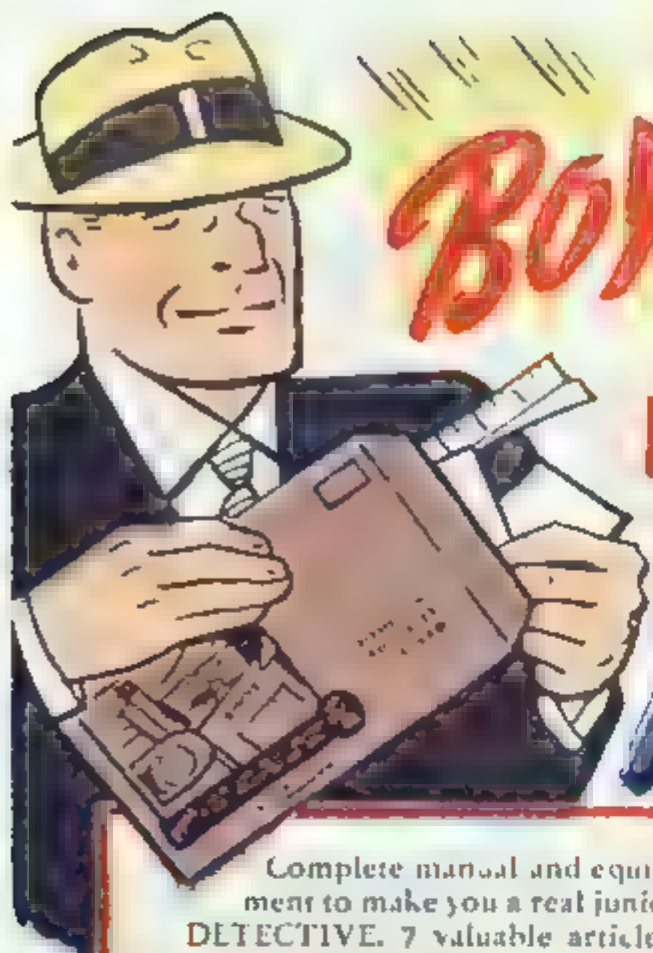
WANT TO
TRY TO TAKE
OFF IN
THIS?

THESE MEN NEED
TREATMENT. WE
HAVE TO GET
THROUGH.



FOR STEADFAST SERVICE UNDER
CONDITIONS SUCH AS THESE,
LT. GERDA ("GERRY") BOUWHUIS WAS
AWARDED THE AIR MEDAL.





BOYS! GIRLS!

ACCEPT DICK TRACY'S

DETECTIVE KIT



Complete manual and equipment to make you a real junior DETECTIVE. 7 valuable articles.

for Only **15¢** WITH NAME "TOOTSIE" from jar of **TOOTSIE V-M**

Super-charged with Vitamins and Minerals

Makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls!

Now have all the thrills 'n' chills of playing Detective. Spies, Saboteur, gangster! Accept Dick Tracy's Detective Manual, Badge, Membership Certificate, Secret Code Dial, Suspect Wall Chart, File Cards, Tape Measure. Worth many dollars in hours of fun to you.

Dick Tracy offers you his Detective Kit almost free so you'll try Tootsie V-M that makes milk taste like Tootsie Rolls. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals to help you be rugged. Have Mom get Tootsie V-M. Hurry! Mail coupon now.

TUNE IN DICK TRACY—

See your Newspaper Radio Page for time and station



AT YOUR GROCER'S
NO RATION POINTS

HURRY! HURRY! SUPPLY LIMITED!
MAIL COUPON TODAY!

TOOTSIE ROLLS CO., Dept. PB 1
P. O. Box 16, New York 11, New York

Rush me Dick Tracy's Detective Kit. I enclose 15¢ in coin and the big name TOOTSIE from jar of Tootsie V-M.

Name _____

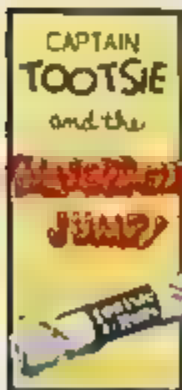
Address _____

City _____ State _____

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY—OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 1945

If your grocer cannot supply Tootsie V-M, send 70¢. We'll mail you Dick Tracy's De-

tective Kit and a full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct, all charges prepaid.



When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Junior Housekeeping



AFTER THE GAME WIN WITH COCOA

BY JANE RICHARDS, JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING EDITOR

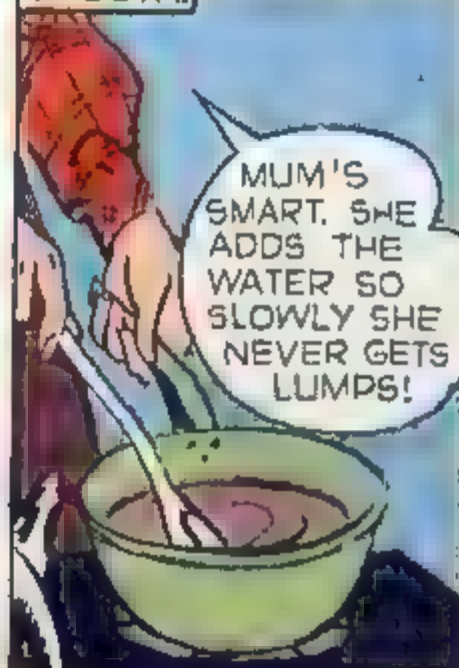


MEASURE 1 TABLESPOON OF COCOA, $\frac{1}{2}$ TABLESPOON SUGAR, AND A PINCH OF SALT. FOR EACH SERVING.

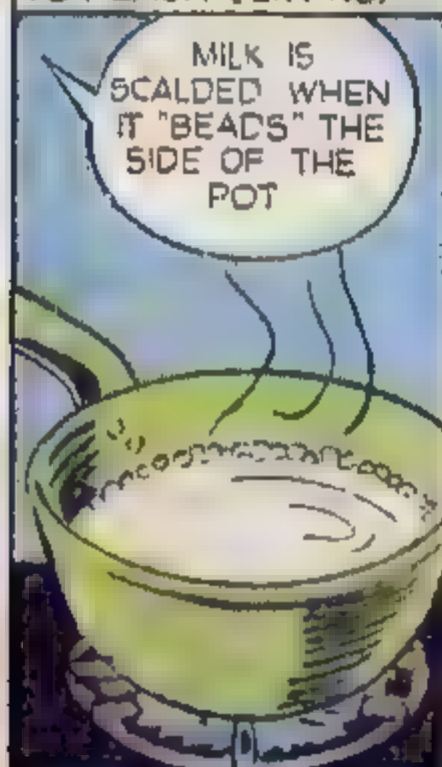
THERE ARE SANDWICHES IN THE ICE-BOX, JIM. JOE, YOU COUNT NOSES FOR ME.



MIX DRY INGREDIENTS. FOR EACH MEASURE OF COCOA, ADD $\frac{1}{4}$ CUP BOILING WATER. STIR OVER FLAME UNTIL SMOOTH.



BOIL COCOA MIXTURE 5 MINUTES MEANTIME SCALD $\frac{3}{4}$ CUP MILK FOR EACH SERVING.



LOWER HEAT AND ADD MILK—DON'T BOIL AFTER MILK IS IN. STIR AND SERVE

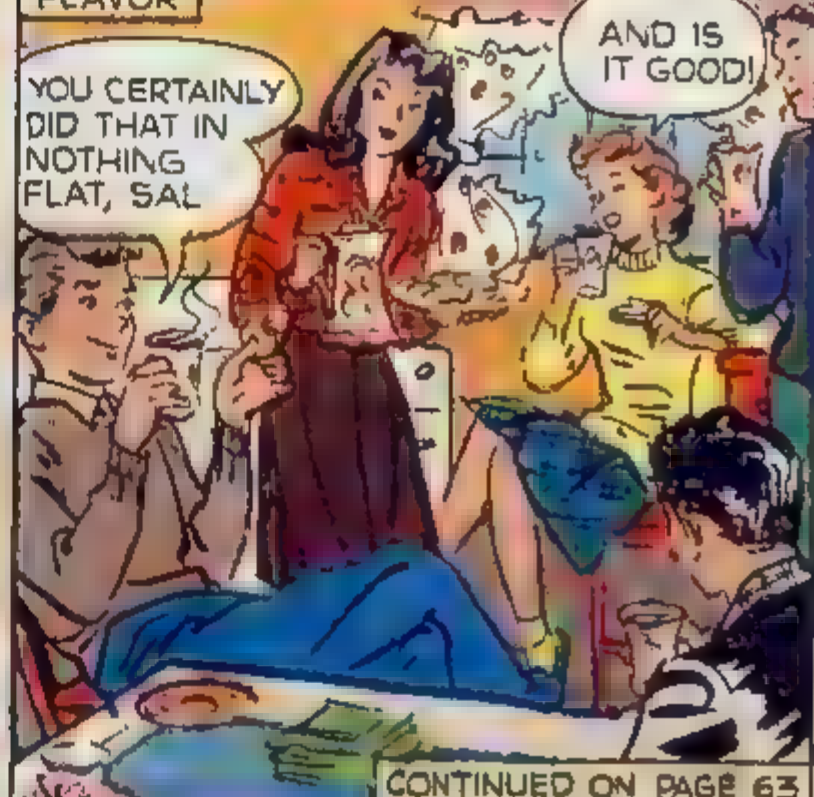
ALL READY—BRING FORTH THE COOKIES.



YOU CAN DUST EACH CUP WITH A LITTLE CINNAMON IF YOU LIKE THE FLAVOR

YOU CERTAINLY DID THAT IN NOTHING FLAT, SAL

AND IS IT GOOD!



CONTINUED ON PAGE 63

HALLOWEEN MAGIC

(Continued from page 12)

But that had been a fluke, of course. There just happened to be two nice people in the building. From now on . . .

But in apartment 5B was a sweet little old lady who reminded Margie of her Aunt Dodie in Barkley, and she filled the children's hands with cookies and their ears with delighted little sounds of admiration. "And what a lucky pair they are to have a sister like you," she added.

As the door closed, the twins were already pounding and shouting away around the corner. How nice she was to say that—Margie rounded the corner after them and her heart froze solid.

It was Delia Corwin the twins' clatter had brought to the door of 5C. Margie measured the distance to the stairs out of the corner of her eye and wondered if the twins would have sense enough to get home by themselves.

"Bang! Bang! We're cow-boys!"

"Good heavens!" Delia said, her eyes wide. It seemed plain to Margie that she thought they were disgusting little brats. And she herself ought to stay and defend them, but she couldn't. She took a tentative step toward the stairs just as she heard Delia say, "Bill! Davy! Come look at the cow-boys. They scare me to death!"

"Bang! Bang!"
And Paula echoed, "Bang! Bang!"

"Hey! Come on in here where we can get a good look at you. Anyhow, you won't shoot until you've had some refreshments, will you?" The dark head that looked past Delia's stopped Margie in her tracks. It was that nice boy named Bill she had admired in chemistry.

It was only two or three long steps to the stairs. If the twins just didn't notice her—if she could just get away before the others recognized her.

"Marge Davis! Is that you?" Delia's voice was full of surprise.

"Sure. That's Margie. That's our sister."

Margie turned around and tried to smile.

"So the two-gun twins got you, did they?" Bill laughed.

"Don't mind my brother," Delia said. "Bill, take them inside. Come on, Margie. Look—I'll bet you live right in this building, don't you? You wouldn't have taken the twins outside on a night like this—that's how I guessed. Aren't apartment houses crazy? You can live right on top of somebody for years and not know it."

They were inside the Corwin living room by that time and Delia went chattering on. Margie kept waiting for a break so that she could explain about that first day in school—how she hadn't meant to be rude. But Davy and Bill were examining the twins' guns and they were all shouting "Bang! Bang!" at each other and when Delia finally stopped talking it

was because she was laughing too hard to go on. And Margie found that she was laughing too and that somehow explanations weren't needed.

"The twins are darling, Margie," Delia said finally.

"I don't always think so when I have to go down to the nursery school and pick them up after school," Margie admitted.

"So that's where you always disappear to! I wondered. I wanted to ask you to our Halloween party. Is it too late? Could you still come, maybe?"

Margie knew she ought to feel offended. There were decorations all over the room and Delia would know she had seen them; therefore Delia would have felt compelled to ask her. But just then Bill looked over at her and said in a loud voice, to Peter, "Say, pardner, think your sister likes to play games, too? Think she'd come to the party we are having tonight?"

(Continued on page 61)

TEEN-AGERS! \$625 IN WAR BONDS PRIZES!

94 PRIZES in WAR BONDS and STAMPS YOU CAN WIN!

1st Prize	\$100.00
2nd Prize	\$50.00
3rd Prize	\$25.00
4th Prize	\$5.00
Next 10 Prizes	\$2.50
Next 80 Prizes	



P. S. SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

If you haven't a Teen Age Club in your town now, send for the new, free book that tells in detail how to organize one. Mail your request to Royal Crown Cola, Dept. C, Columbus, Georgia.



JUST WRITE A 100-WORD LETTER ON "WHAT THE TEEN-AGE CLUB HAS DONE FOR OUR TOWN."

HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

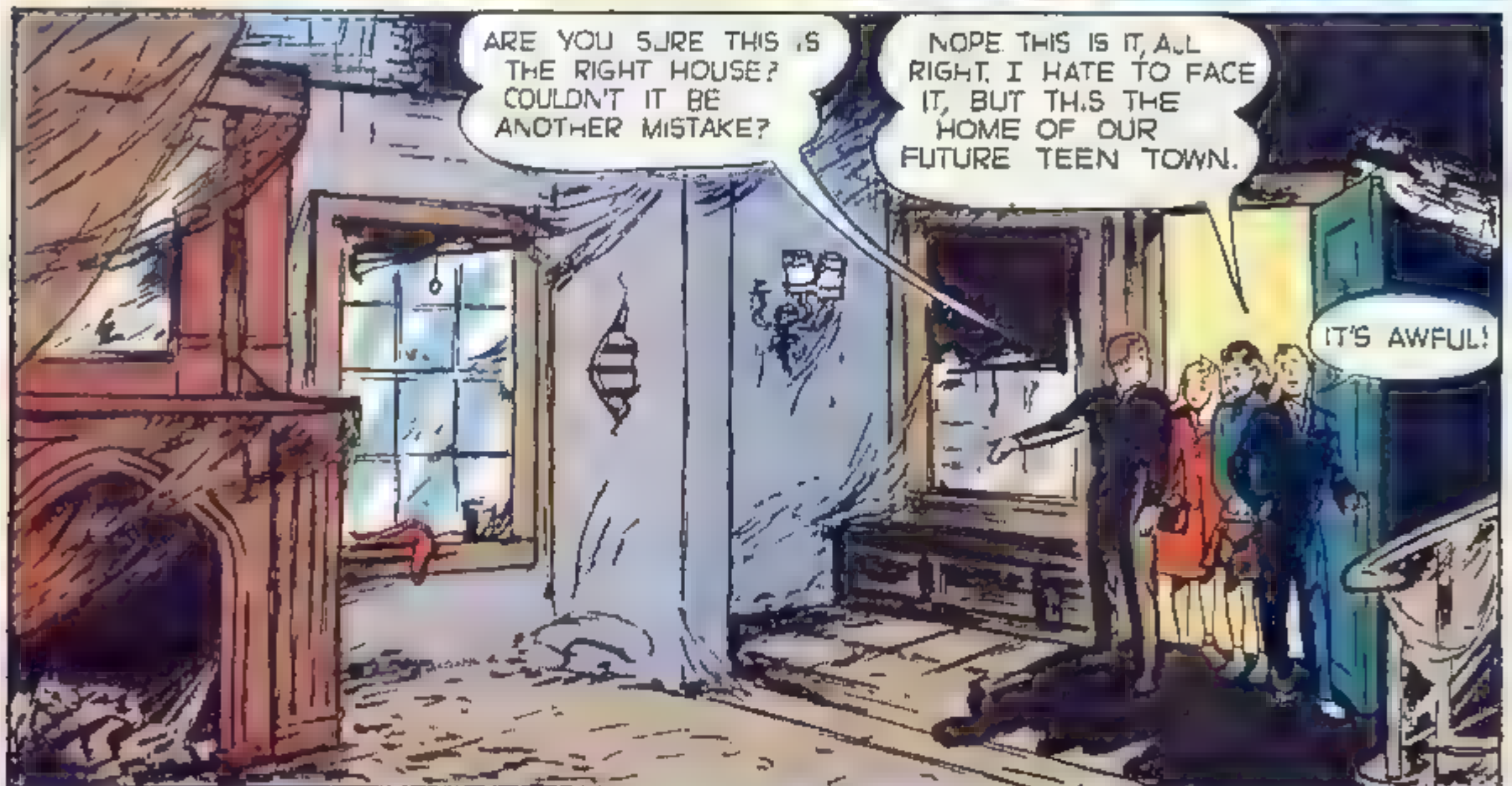
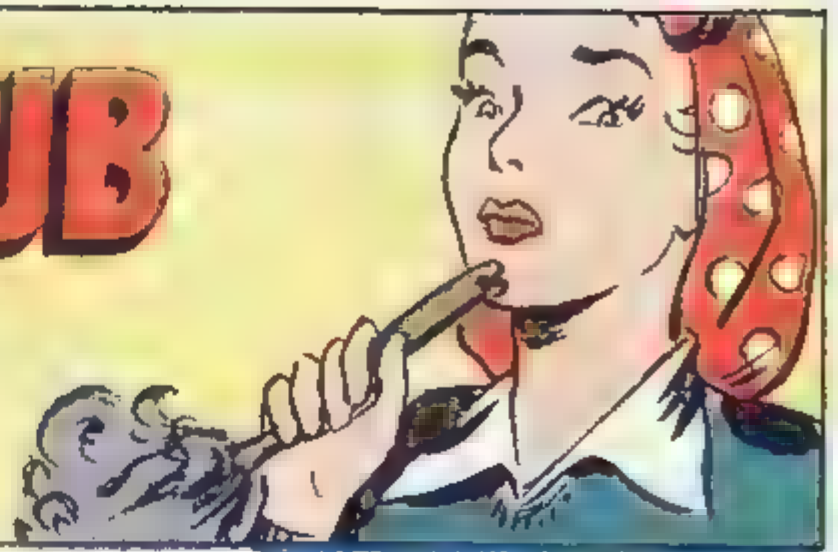
SIMPLY PUT DOWN in your own words (100 or less) what you think any Teen-Age Club in your town has done for the community and its younger set. You don't have to be a fancy writer. Just pretend you're writing to a pal. It's as easy as that! Nothing to buy! Who knows? That \$200 Bond or one of the other prizes may be yours. Letters will be judged on their neatness, clearness, sincerity and originality. The decision of the judges will be final. All letters become property of Nehi Corporation and will not be returned. Follow the few simple rules outlined and mail your letter to address in box below before October 31, 1944.

1. Print your name and address plainly at top of paper.
2. State your age.
3. Mail your entry to:

ROYAL CROWN COLA,
DEPT. C, CONTEST,
COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

The VICTORY CLUB

GI BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY



SATURDAY AFTERNOON...

YOU FOUR START ON THE FLOOR, AND CHIP AND DICK WILL WASH WINDOWS.

COME ON, BROOM-ER GIRLS.

WHEN'S THE FOOD?

YOU KNOW, I CAN THINK OF A LOT OF THINGS I'D RATHER DO. THIS ISN'T MY IDEA OF A FROLIC.

MINE EITHER. LET'S CLEAR OUT.

BUT, GANG—IF WE DON'T CLEAN THE PLACE UP, HOW'LL WE EVER OPEN OUR TEEN TOWN?

BY THE TIME THIS HOVEL IS CLEAN WHAT WE'LL NEED IS AN OLD PEOPLE'S HOME!

ER—CAN YOU TELL US WHERE THE USO CANTEEN IS?

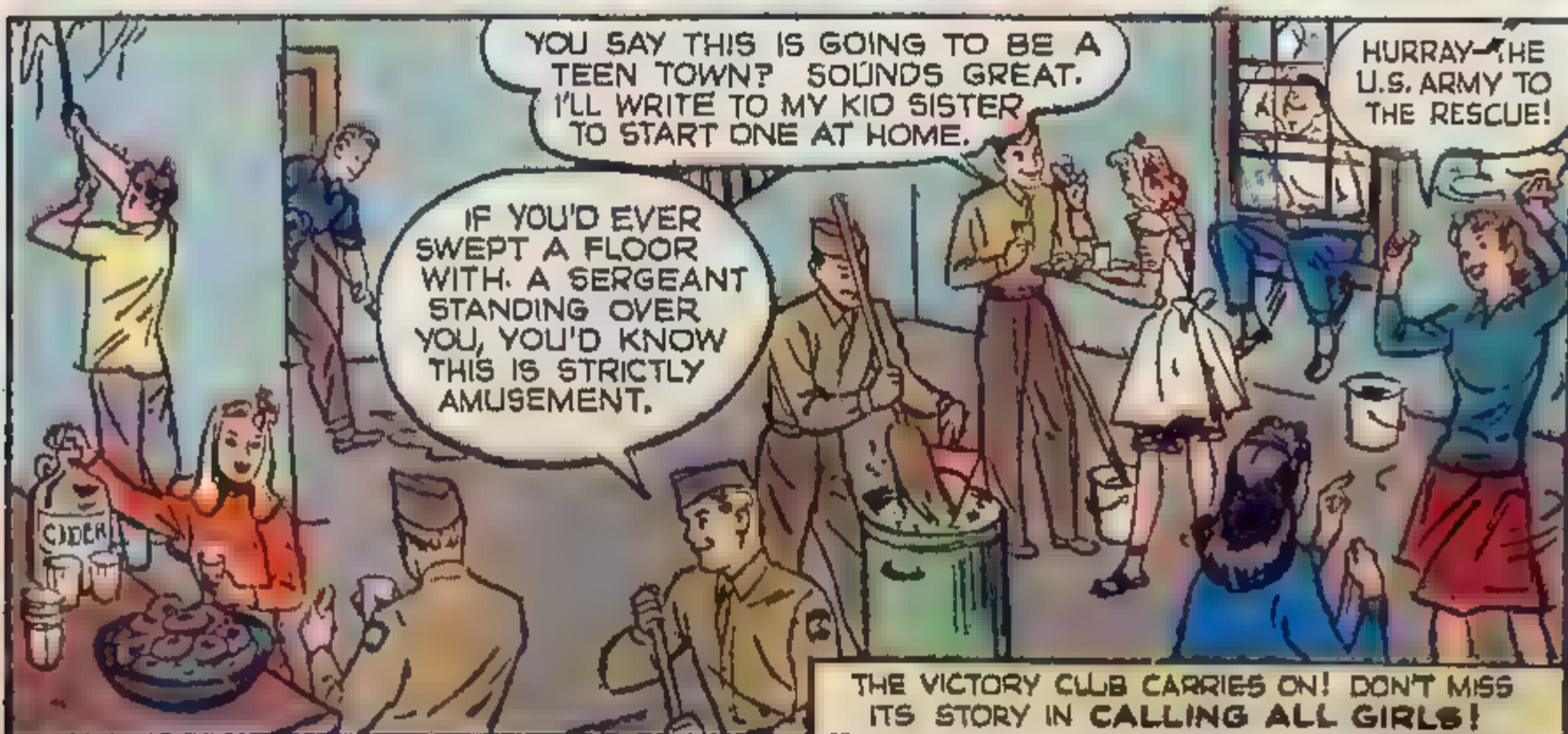
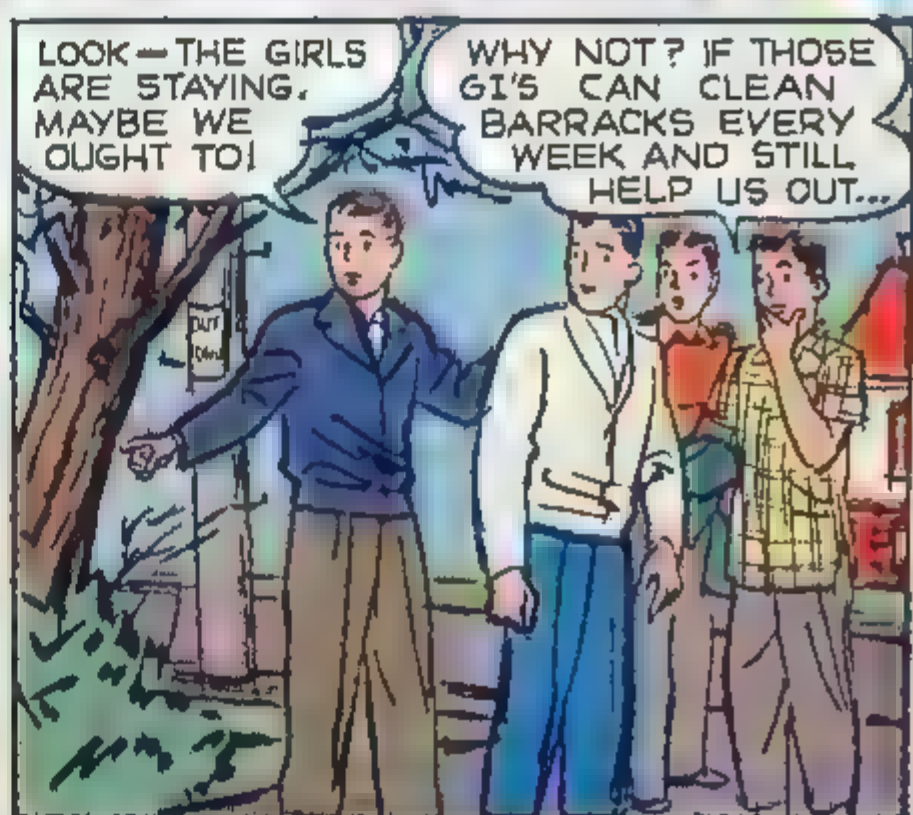
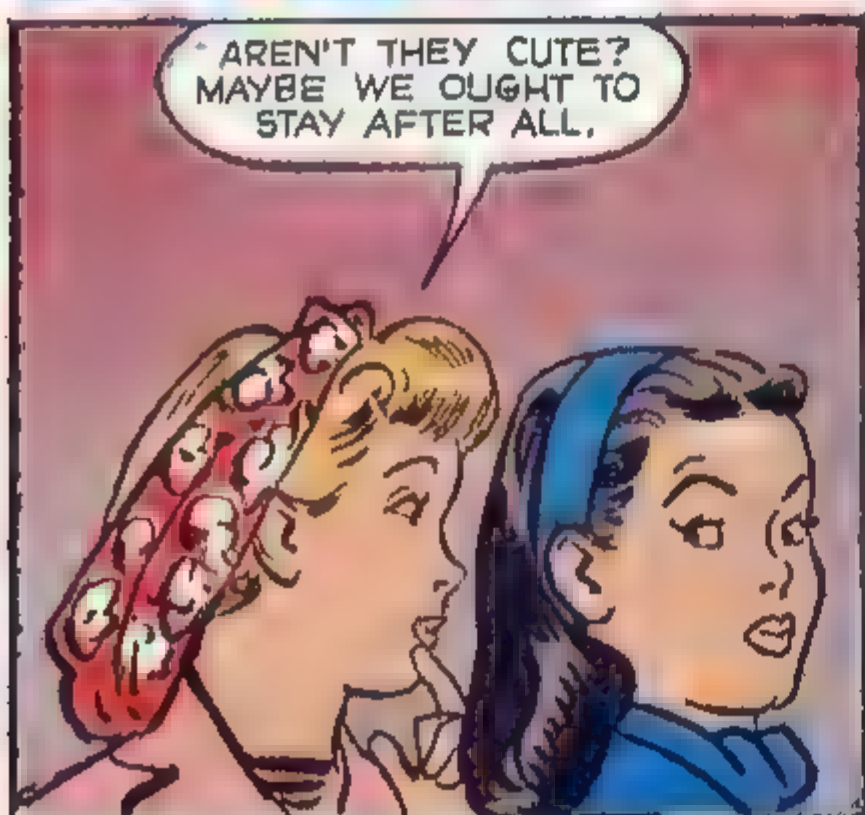
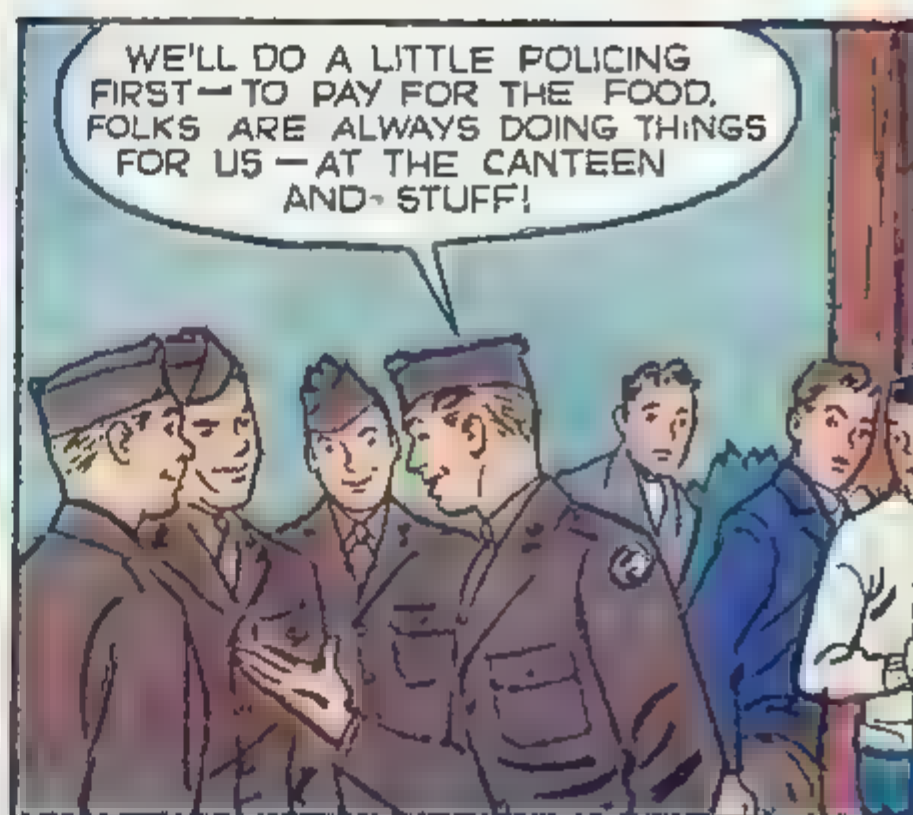
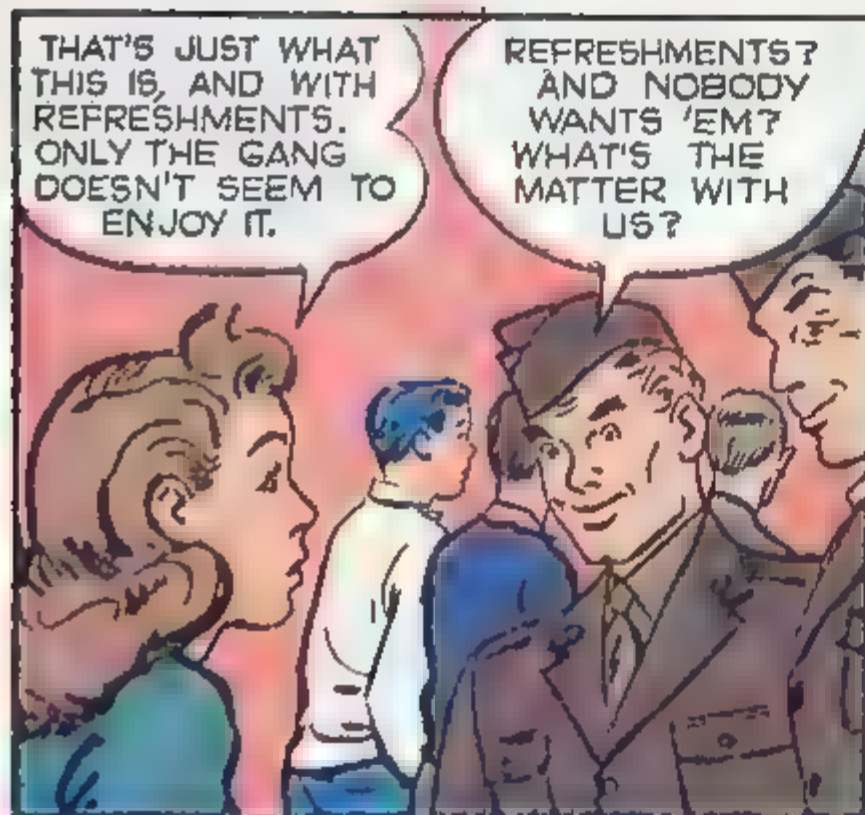
SURE, JUST GO...

SAY, WHAT GOES ON? A GI PARTY?

THEY CALLED IT A FROLIC, BUT I'M NOT IN A FROLICKING MOOD!

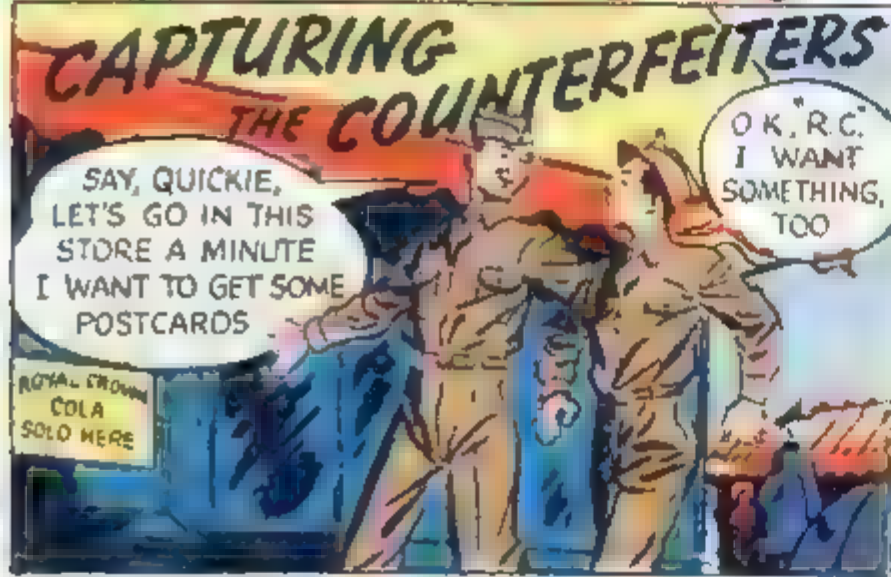
WHAT'S A GI PARTY?

THAT'S WHAT WE CALL OUR REGULAR WEEKLY JOB OF POLICING THE BARRACKS—YOU KNOW, CLEANING THEM UP.



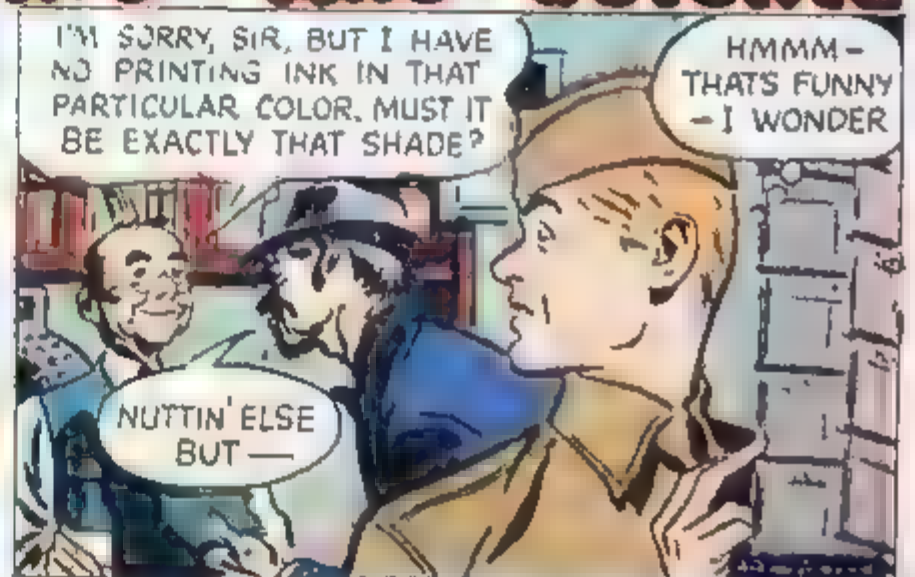
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CAPTURING THE COUNTERFEITERS



SAY, QUICKIE, LET'S GO IN THIS STORE A MINUTE I WANT TO GET SOME POSTCARDS

OK, "R.C." I WANT SOMETHING, TOO



I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I HAVE NO PRINTING INK IN THAT PARTICULAR COLOR. MUST IT BE EXACTLY THAT SHADE?

HMMM - THAT'S FUNNY - I WONDER

NUTTIN' ELSE BUT -

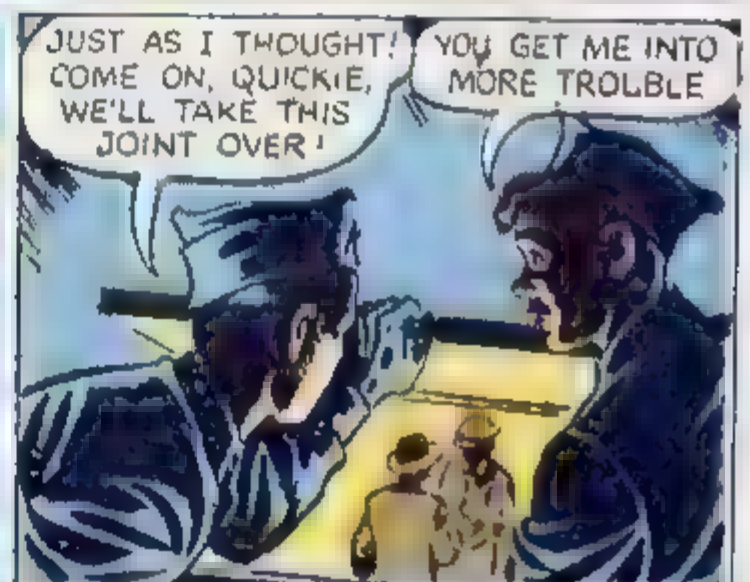


HEY, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I THOUGHT YOU WANTED SOME POSTCARDS. I WANT A ROYAL CROWN COLA

WE'LL GET BOTH LATER. RIGHT NOW I WANT THAT TOUGH-LOOKING CUSTOMER STICK WITH ME, QUICKIE.



AH-AH- LET'S SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO



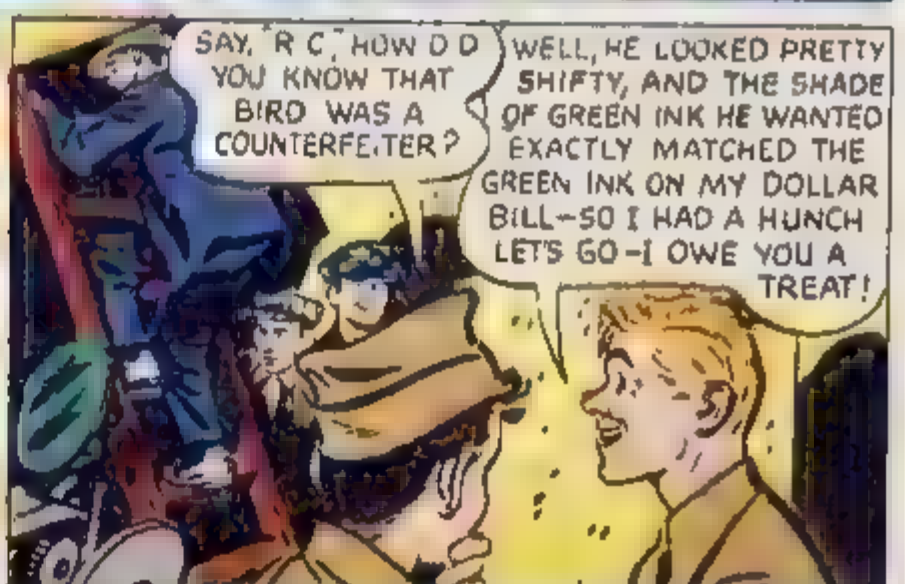
JUST AS I THOUGHT! COME ON, QUICKIE, WE'LL TAKE THIS JOINT OVER!

YOU GET ME INTO MORE TROUBLE



HEEL TO YOU, YOU HEEL! GRAB THAT OTHER BIRD, QUICKIE!

GOTTUM!



SAY, "R.C." HOW'D YOU KNOW THAT BIRD WAS A COUNTERFEITER?

WELL, HE LOOKED PRETTY SHIFTY, AND THE SHADE OF GREEN INK HE WANTED EXACTLY MATCHED THE GREEN INK ON MY DOLLAR BILL - SO I HAD A HUNCH LET'S GO - I OWE YOU A TREAT!



THIS ROYAL CROWN COLA SURE IS A TREAT, "R.C."

THAT'S RIGHT, QUICKIE THERE'S NOTHING COUNTERFEIT ABOUT THIS. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING COLA THERE IS, BY ACTUAL TASTE-TEST

AT THE CAFE



COWBOY "WILD BILL" ELLIOTT SAYS

THAT'S A FACT! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

"The world's best 'quick-up'!" That's what screen star "Wild Bill" Elliott calls frosty, delicious Royal Crown Cola! He took the famous cola taste test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, he chose Royal Crown Cola as best-tasting! "Sweet for a fresh start!" he says. Try it yourself, today!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

Copyright 1964 Noh Corporation

DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 18)

clench at the effort speech cost his father. But even so, the florist couldn't tell them much.

"I was—rearranging the roses in the..." His eyes sought the refrigerator, and the policeman nodded, understanding. "I heard someone come in, and I turned around. He didn't even speak. He—hit me with something. A blackjack, maybe. I don't know. I shouted, but I..."

"Think you'd recognize the assailant if you saw him again?"

Mr. McCord shook his head. "It happened so quickly." Then he added, more faintly. "Did they get the money?" He gestured with a single finger toward the cash register.

"Ohmigosh!" Doug said loudly. "That's what they wanted! I thought it was funny—holding up a flower shop. There must be plenty of other places that would make a better haul."

He was crossing to the counter as he spoke, and pushed the No Sale key.

"I'll take care of that, buddy," Sergeant Gresham said, but it was too late.

"It's gone!" Doug said, staring into the open drawer. "It was here on the right, wasn't it, Dad?"

Mr. McCord nodded almost imperceptibly.

"What money is this you're talking about?"

Doug looked white around the mouth. "Dad's been selling tickets for the benefit showing of the candid camera contest pictures. He had the best record of any store in town—over five hundred dollars, wasn't it, Dad?"

"Yes." The florist's eyes closed unhappily.

"Hmmm."

Gilly thought angrily that the policeman looked more concerned over the loss of the money than he had at the sight of Mr. McCord. Taking her courage in her hands—"After all, I'm the only woman present," she told herself firmly—she took two steps forward.

"Officer," she asked politely, "couldn't we take Mr. McCord upstairs now? He ought to be in bed. And you can see he can't tell you anything more anyway. Please."

"Who're you, youngster?"

Gilly drew herself up to her full five-feet-two height, and she could feel her cheeks redden.

"That's Gilly Prescott," Doug said quickly. "She and I were upstairs in my darkroom—Dad and I live over the shop—

blessed him. That's what she wanted to know.

"Maybe nothing. Maybe something. Just seems mighty funny to me that a newcomer to town should sell so many tickets to a local shindig—and then so conveniently lose the money. Especially when he says he shouted, but nobody heard him."

"Why..." Doug took a step out from behind the counter.

"Doug, please," Gilly said warningly. "The important thing now is to get your father to bed. We'll get everything straightened out all right." She turned. "May we take him upstairs?"

"He should be in bed, officer," the doctor said calmly. "I can't let you question him any further now anyway."

"Well—all right. Take him along."

A few minutes later Gilly was at the end of a slow little procession up the stairs to the McCord apartment. Doug and Mr. Cartwright were carrying Mr. McCord, and the doctor had gone on ahead.

"It's all my fault," she was thinking miserably. "Somehow or other, it's all my fault. If I hadn't been

coming here, Doug would probably have been down in the shop with his father when it happened, and maybe he could have prevented it. Or at least he wouldn't have been shut in the darkroom where he couldn't hear Mr. McCord calling. Anyhow, he could make that policeman believe that there was a burglar. How dare he think Mr. McCord took the money himself? How dare he?"

But even as she gulped back the tears she knew that anger was no help to anybody. If only there were something she could do that would be a help.

She had the strange feeling that somewhere, in the back of her mind, was a fact that would be valuable—if she could only think what it was.

(To be continued)

WATER IS A LOVELY THING

By JULIA W. WOLFE

Water is a lovely thing:

Dark and ripply in a spring,

Black and quiet in a pool,

In a puddle brown and cool,

In a river blue and gray,

In a raindrop silver-gray,

In a fountain flashing white,

In a pitcher frosty-cold,

In a bubble pink and gold,

In a happy summer sea

Just as green as green can be,

In a rainbow, far unfurled,

Every color in the world.

All the year from spring to spring

Water is a lovely thing!

developing pictures when Mr. Cartwright called up that something had happened to Dad."

"I see." The sergeant eyed first Gilly and then Doug with a suddenly skeptical glance. "You heard Mr. Cartwright when he called, eh?"

"Yes. Of course."

"You, too, miss?"

"Yes."

"But you didn't hear your father?"

"Why, no. I didn't. But Dad's voice isn't very loud."

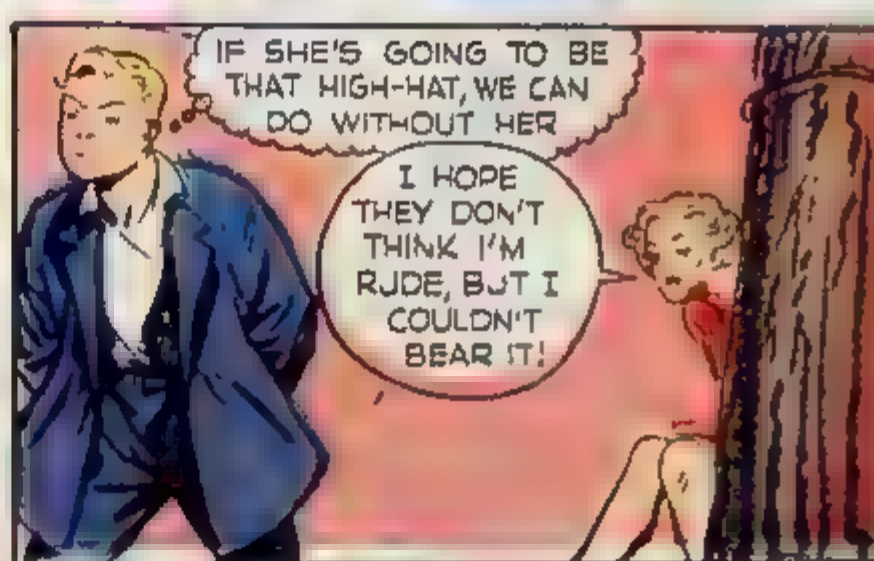
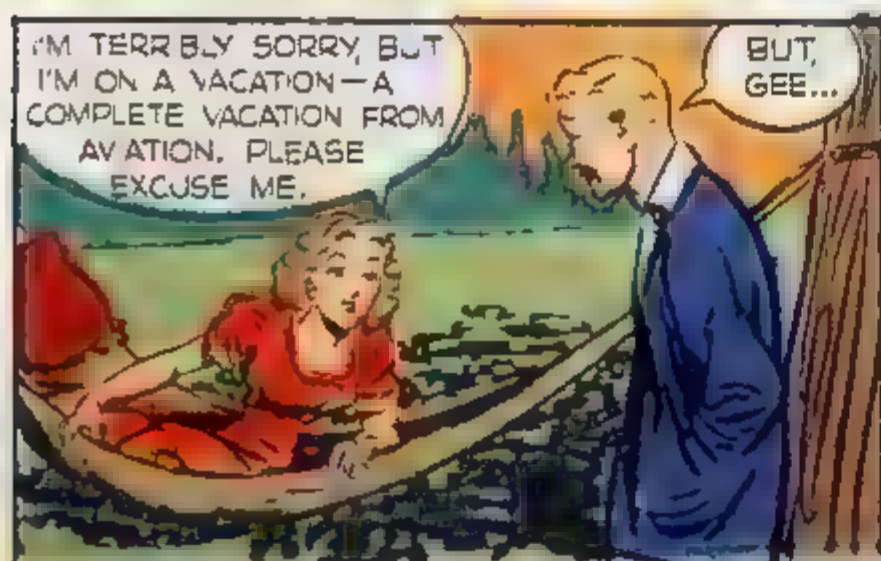
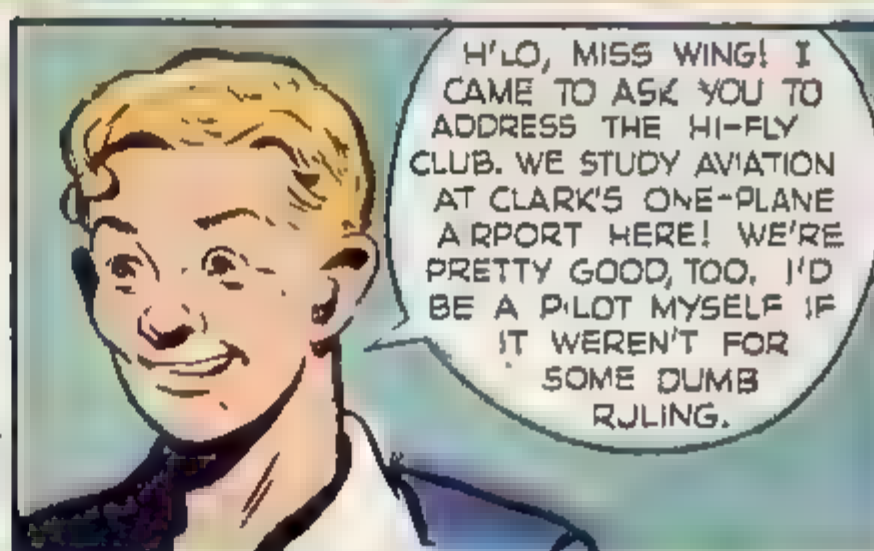
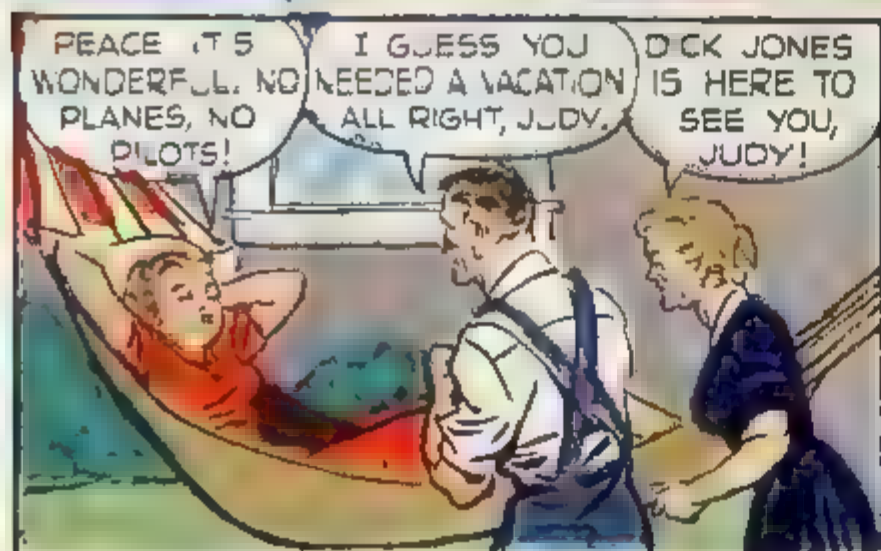
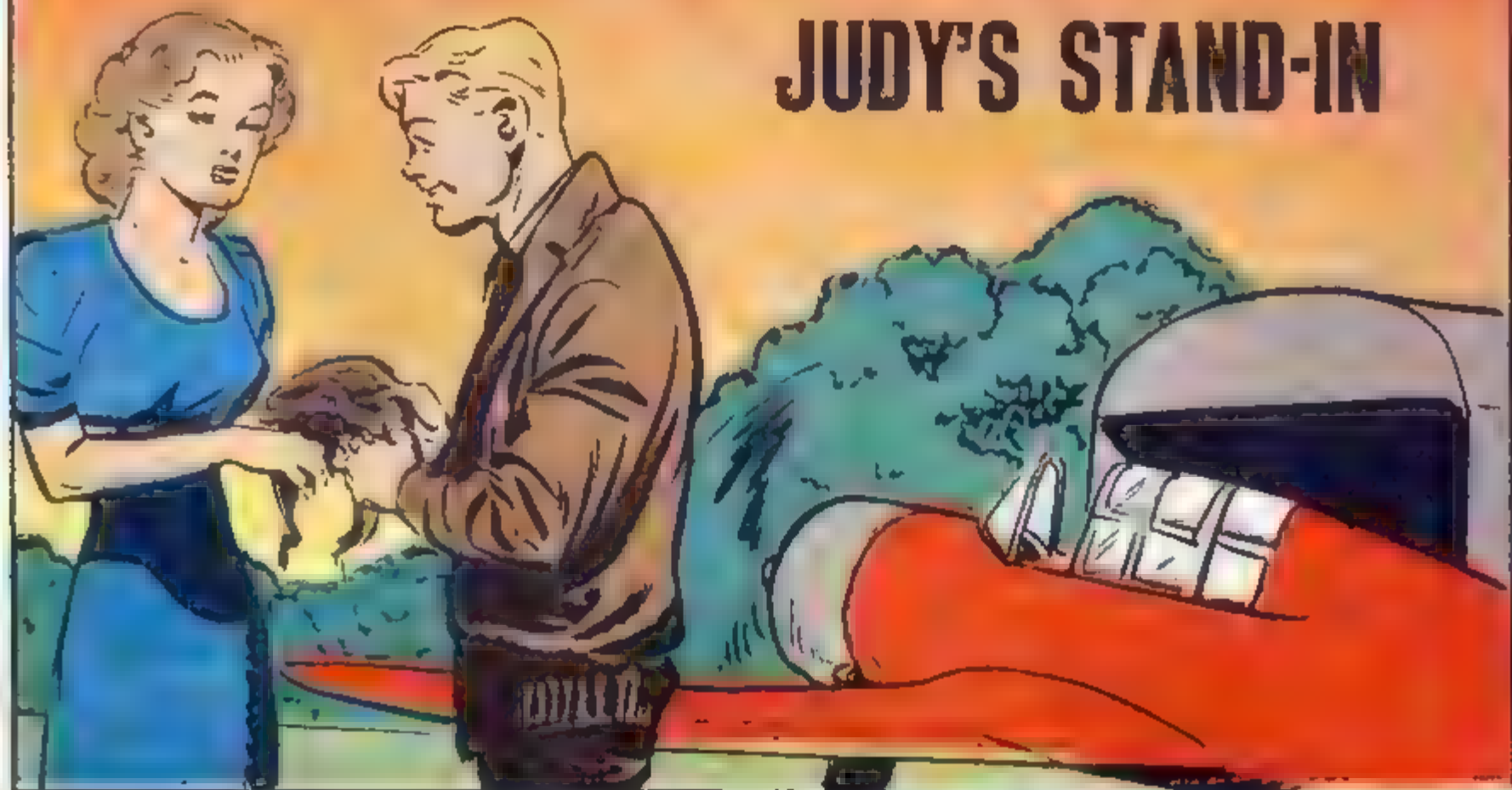
The policeman looked grim. "You're right sure you shouted, Mr.—uh—McCord?"

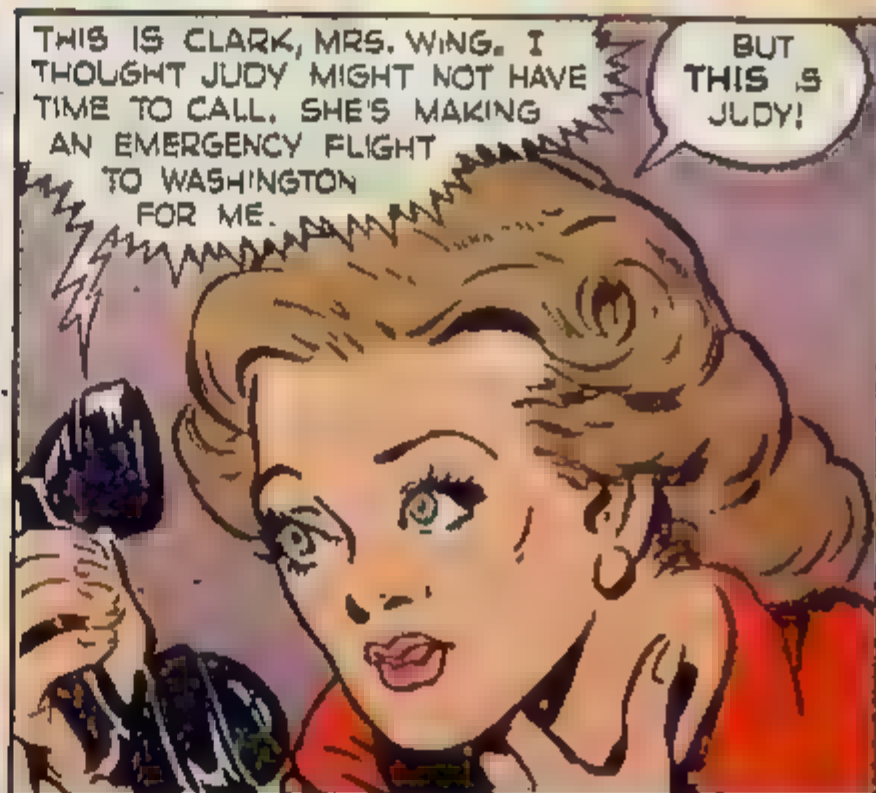
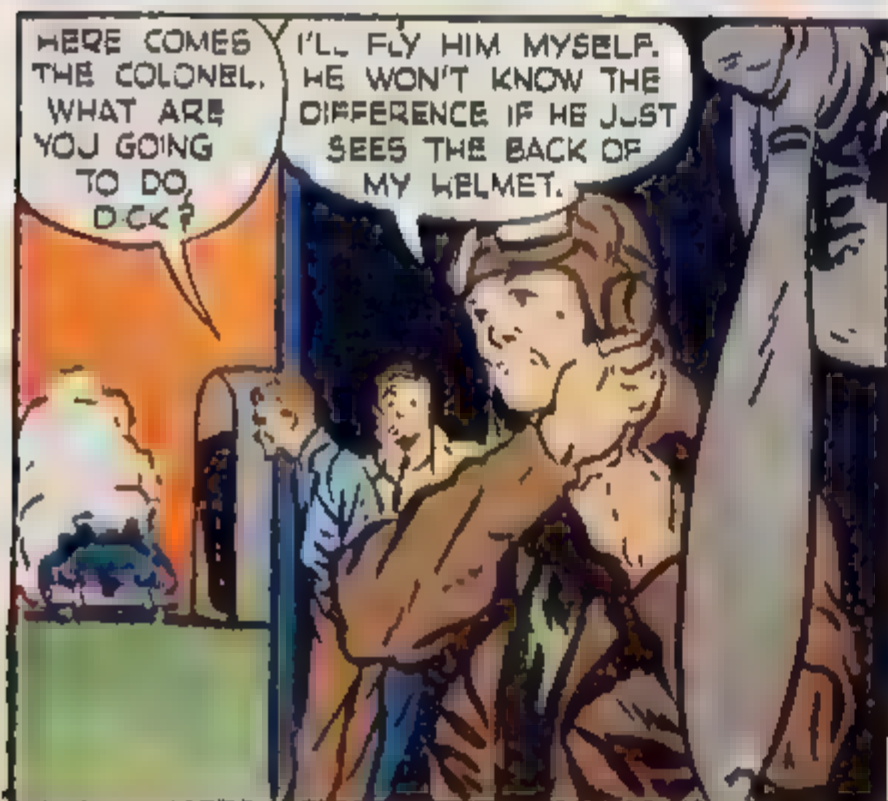
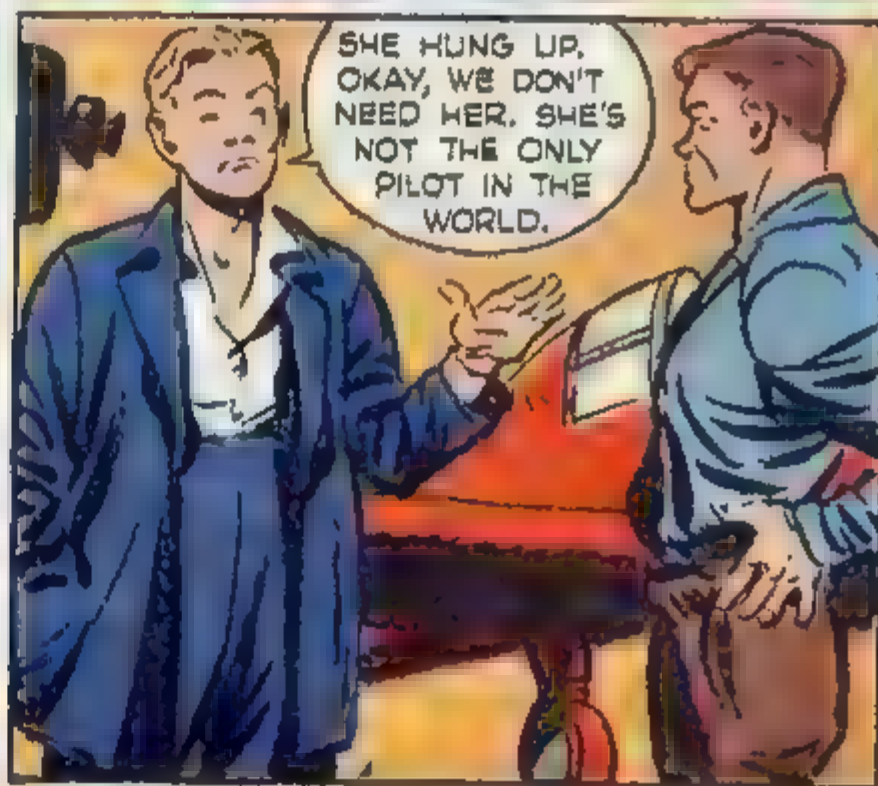
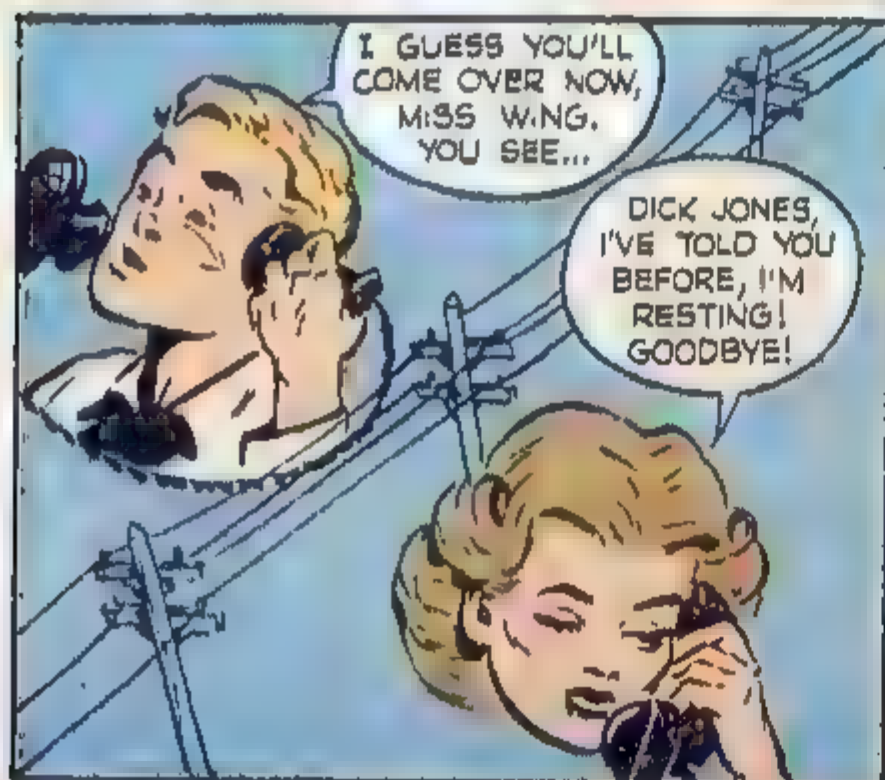
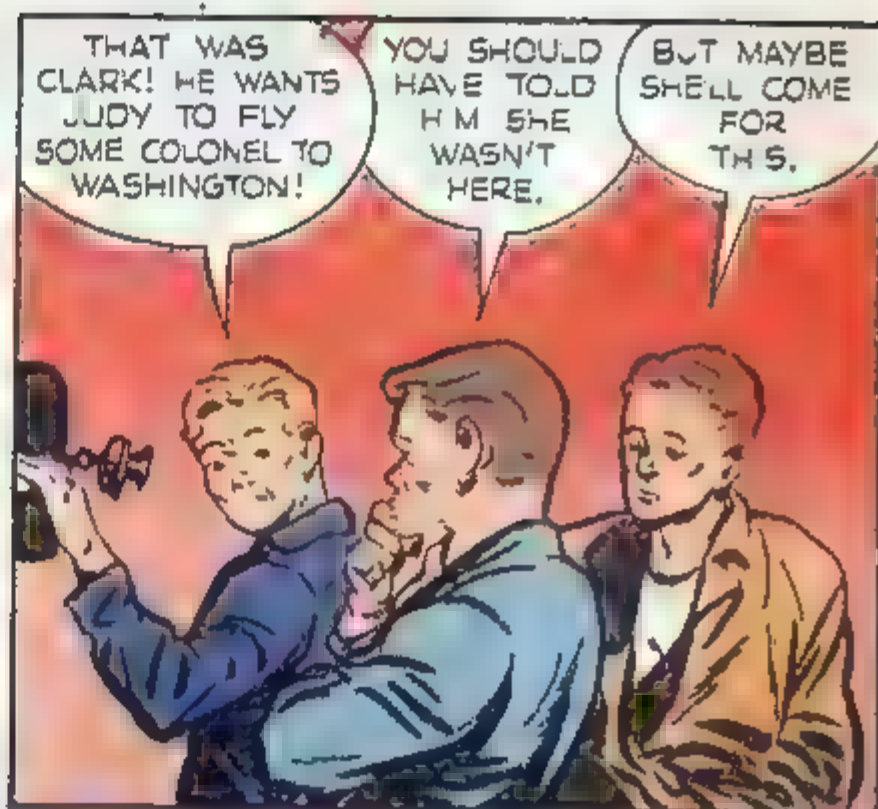
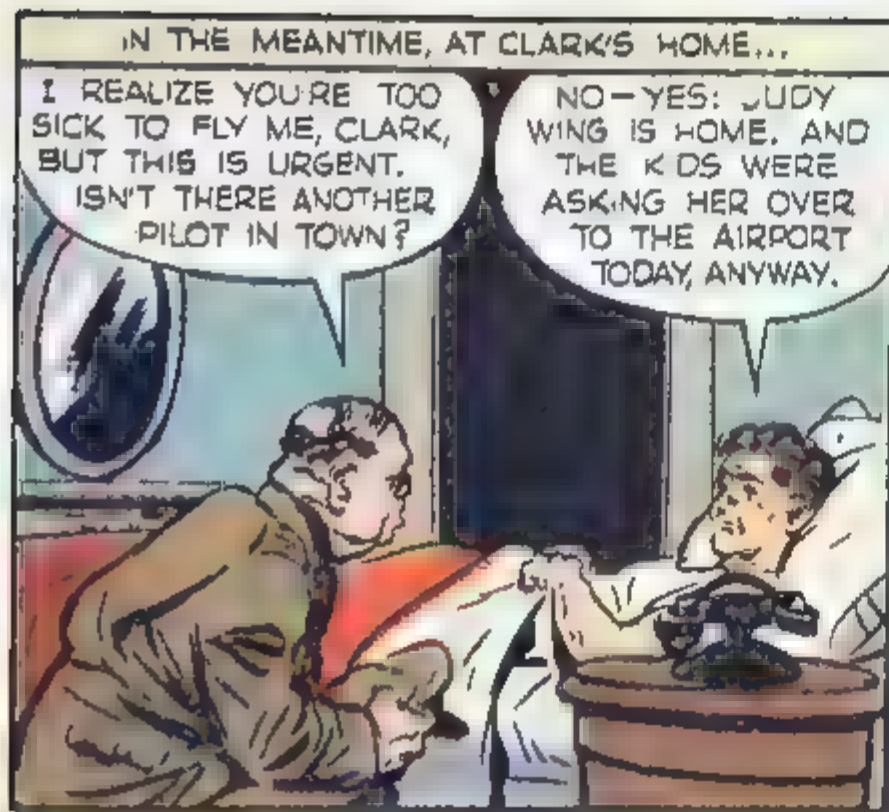
Doug's father opened his eyes and then closed them, and nodded his head weakly.

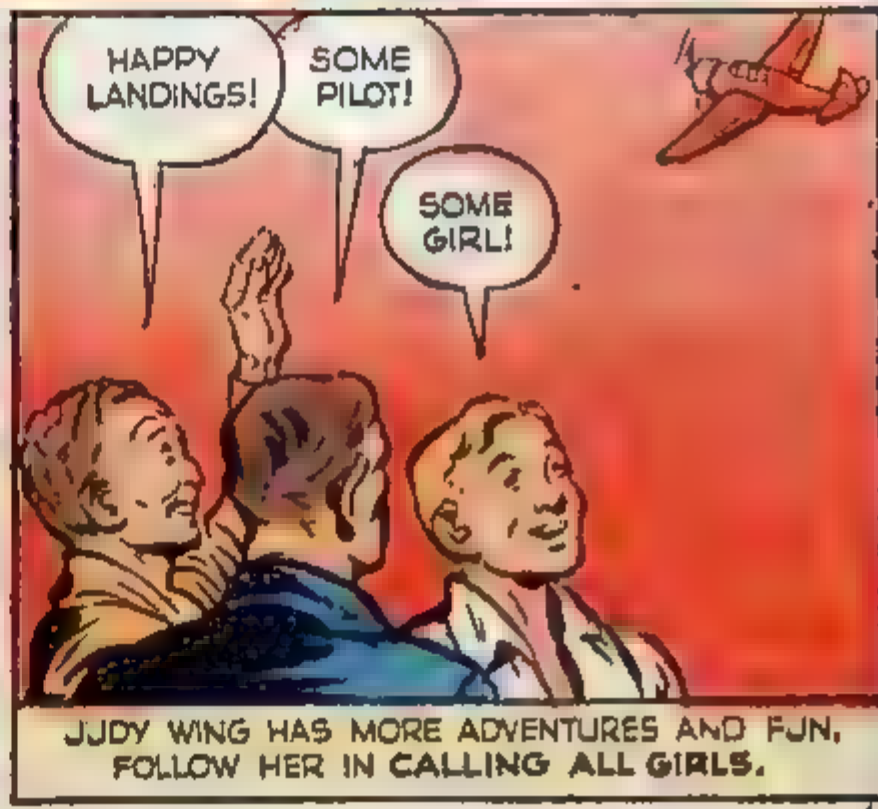
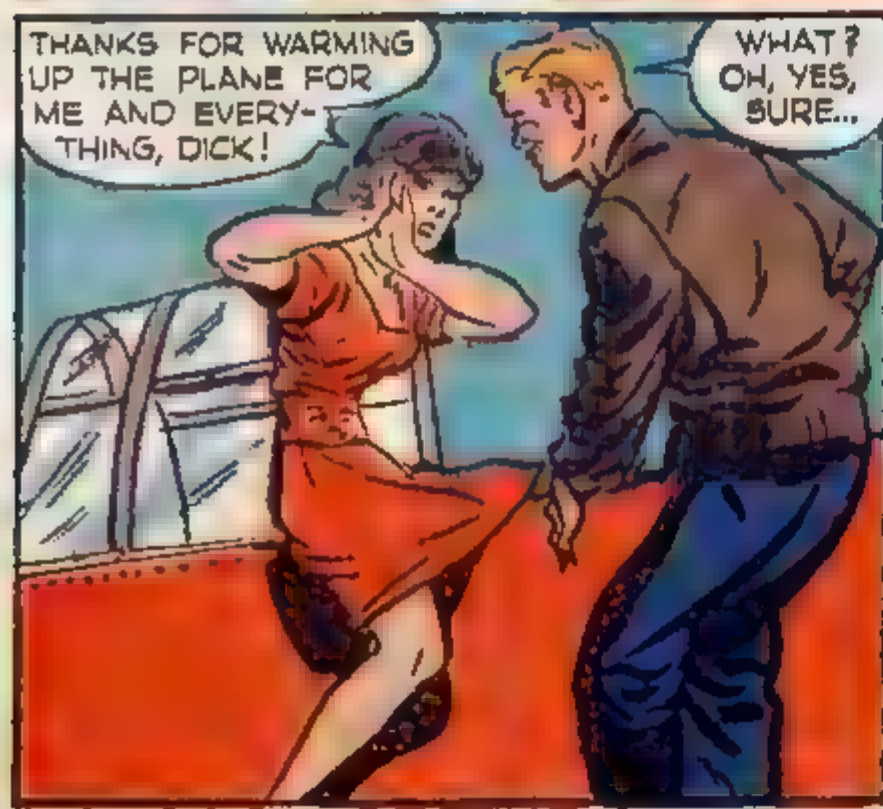
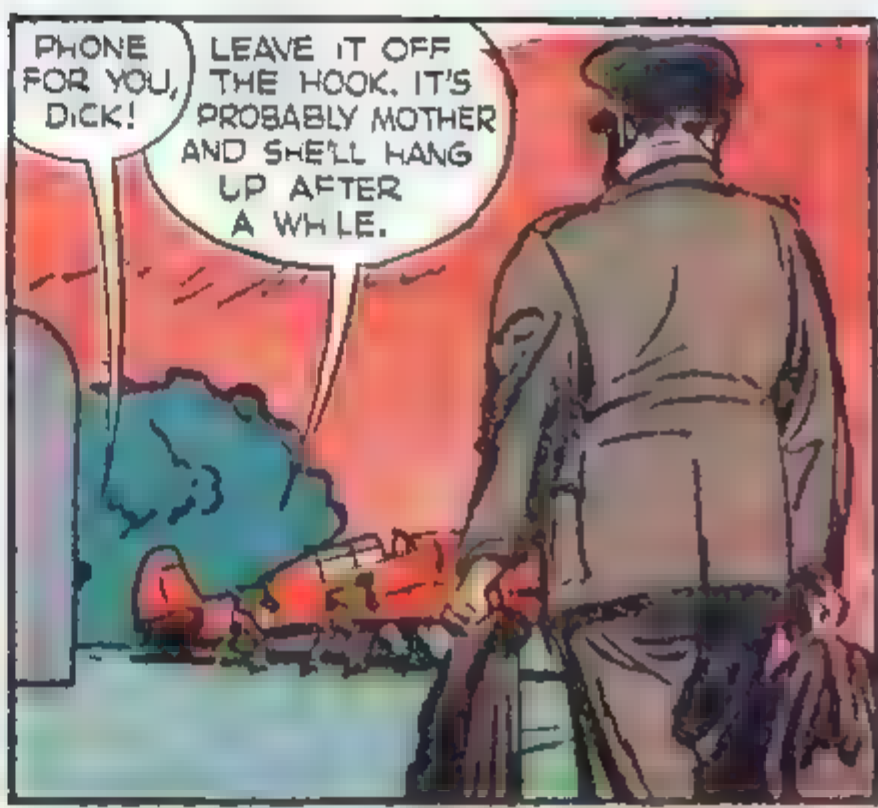
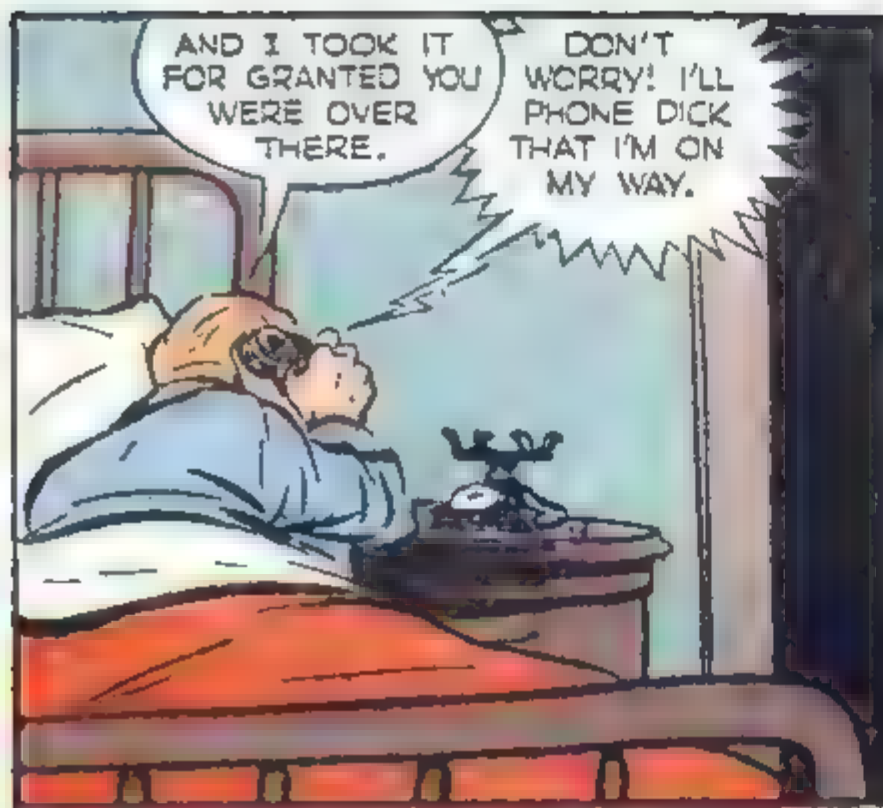
"Just what are you trying to imply, officer?" Mr. Cartwright demanded, and Gilly could have

JUDY WING

JUDY'S STAND-IN







WACKY WALKIES

MAKE THEM FOR YOUR LAPEL,
YOUR ROOM, AND
YOUR FRIENDS

WE'VE NOTICED how you load down your lapel with little animal gadgets and we've heard how you decorate your rooms with large stuffed pets. Also—we just remembered that Christmas is around the corner. That makes three good reasons for our Wacky Walkies, stuffed animals with legs and arms and flappers that move.

Collect all the scraps of fabric, felt, and leather you can find and leftovers of yarn, too. Then send a stamped addressed envelope to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave. New York 17, N. Y., for free leaflet on how to make Wacky Walkies.





Cozy and cute—cotton flannel pajamas styled by Sohon. Back-belted boy style and embroidered mandarin job, about \$4 each. Teen-age Mary Wilson and Maggie Long try a new shade of Dura - Gloss nail polish. Bates daisy pattern bedspread.

CHILLY SAUCE for Slumber Parties

INVITED to an all-night pullet roost? Take your sharpest pajamas and robes and don't forget your prettiest bedroom slippers.

Slippers, above, left to right—Jungle Boot by Joyce, quilted satin boot by Daniel Green, "Oomphereeno" by Oomphies, embroidered satin by Oomphies, chenille Bedtimers by Kleinert.

Geisha's all wool, white ground plaid robe is just as much a collectors' item as that "Carmen Jones" Decca album. You might start wishing for it now so your wish will come true by Christmas.

When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.



SPUN RAYON skirt - BLACK, RED, LUGGAGE - SIZE 10-16 5.95

(STATE SECOND CHOICE BELOW)

DRAWSTRING COTTON blouse WHITE - SIZE 10-16 3.95

MATCHING curvette - RED, BLACK, D'GREEN, WHITE 3.95

NON-RATIONED oxfords RED, GREEN, BLACK SIZE 4-9 5.95

USE COUPON WRITE TO

Lanz
640 FIFTH AVE.
NEW YORK 19, N.Y.

SKIRT COLOR: 1ST 2ND
SIZES - SKIRT _____ BLOUSE _____
SHOES - COLOR _____ SIZE _____
CURVETTE - COLOR _____
CHECK ENCL. ☐ C.O.D. ☐

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY



*If it's a Teen Town
Handbag or Bag-and-Hat Set,
it's exclusively yours!*

Designed especially for teens, okayed by our "Typical Teens" Committee, they're super-solid in style, quality and value! In all the newest shades. Look for the TeenTown tag at stores everywhere!



"SPORTSTER" — Pillbox beret and zipper bag to match, in fine felt twinkling with colorful stones. The set, about \$4.50.



"SMOOTHIE" — Vanity-type bag in alligator-grain real leather. About \$4.50.

For name of nearest store, write to

PYRAMID, 27 W 23rd St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

THAT business of dating in sloppy sweaters and skirts is OUT—but def. It never was a good idea, anyhow. How can you expect a boy to act like Prince Charming, when you look like anything but a princess? Unlike poor Cinderella, you don't have to depend upon a fairy godmother to transform you from cold cut to dream girl. Your date dresses can work that magic!

Dress Up to Your

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

Vote for formal school parties. No need for the boys to wear Tuxedos just because you want to look glamorous in a long dress. See Junellen Hawthorne on our front cover in blue taffeta with beaded collar, and, below, Jackie Macmillan in velvet with net and Jackie Fernandez in checked taffeta—both black and white. Formals by American Debuteen, combs by Ben Hur. Front cover headband by Dayson. Photographed at Hampshire House, New York.



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Dates



Turn any casual gathering into an occasion by wearing your prettiest date dress. Jackie Fernandez' gray velveteen princess dress has a swooney neckline; Jackie Macmillan's wool suit gathers into a pert back peplum. Both by Teen Age Betty. Date hats by Ann Koppleman.

Did you ever think of wearing a frilly blouse with slacks for an evening at home with your O.A.O? It's another idea of that clever new designer, Teen Age Betty. Maggie Long proves it's a very good one.



American Debuteen and Teen Age Betty date fashions at many Official Headquarters stores listed on page 60, or write for where-to-buy information.

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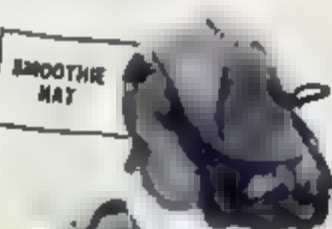
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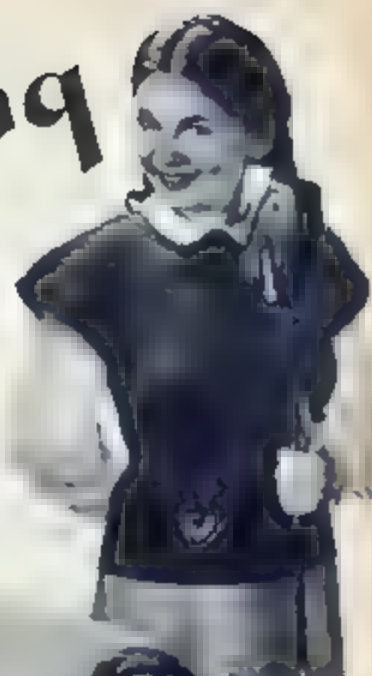
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Yours for the making

WHEEDLE your needles, chicks," says Jenny Jabberwocky, above, star of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air. Knit yourself a Jabberwocky Jerkin of Botany yarn. Wear it with the Sweetheart belt by Vogue and a Judy Kent blouse. Send stamped, addressed envelope for free knitting instructions.

Right—Priscilla and Nancy Kramer of Chevy Chase Junior College, Washington, D. C., and the National Cathedral School for Girls, Washington, D. C., embroidered these sharp designs on their old sweaters. Send stamped, addressed envelope for free embroidery instructions.

Below—Priscilla and Nancy made long and short versions of a drawstring housecoat in Coham Feather Flannel and Marvie checked Aralac and rayon blend. Both made from Advance Pattern No. 3786, sizes 9 to 17, cost 25c.



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Tricks for Teens

Why Get Lost?—A good way to keep tabs on your bobby pins is to slide them on a safety pin, and pin it to the lining of your purse until needed.—*Jeanne Aaronson, Columbus, N. J.* For an all-around sewing box, there is nothing better than a bath powder box. Your thread, tape, thimble, etc., go in the box, and the powder puff on top is an ideal pin cushion.—*Leeba Alpern, Brookline, Mass.* Rubbers and galoshes are precious these days, you know. A good way to take care of them and save your own time in hunting for them is to clip each pair together with clip clothes pins.—*Barbara Martin, Conroe, Texas.*

Home-Room Business—Now that you have to meet a schedule in the morning, you need system in your room at home. And if your space is crowded, system is even more necessary. If you have to scramble in a dark closet for your things and can't put in a light, paint the closet floor white. It helps a lot.—*Nicole Brunschwig, New York, N. Y.* String strong wire under your dressing table from leg to leg and hang blouses and jackets in your "extra closet." The skirt of the dressing table hides them from view and keeps out the dust.—*Audrey Gillmeister, Buffalo, N. Y.* Keep your brush, comb, manicure things, etc., in the pockets of a shoe bag on the back of your closet door.—*Marianne Smith, Freeport, N. Y.* Or in a snappy oilcloth bag made to fit them and hanging on the wall by your dresser.—*Della Jane Ryan, West Orange, N. J.* Stuff an old glove with cotton or clean rags and hang it on your wall for a wacky pincushion. It's very handy indeed!—*Joyce Pierce, Spokane, Wash.* And, just for fun, put up a bulletin board made from wallboard and covered and ruffled with gay fabric. Use it to tack up pictures, programs, and souvenirs.—*Doris M. Shawhan, Alexandria, Ind.* Make a costume in bright colors for an old doll you still love. Use the gay

"new" doll to ornament your bed.—*Elaine Lowry, Montreal, Que.*

Once and for All—Get those clothes fixed for smooth action in the morning! Put snaps on your shoulder pads, and slide your slip straps between pad and dress when you put it on. Keeps the straps from slipping, and makes laundering the dress easier.—*Marilyn Carlson, Minneapolis, Minn.* Sew little loops of gros-grain ribbon on the inside edge of beanies and half-hats. Put the bobby pins through these, not over the hat, to avoid that tin-helmet look.—*Mary Catherine Ferry, Kokomo, Ind.* Stiffen the waistband of your dirndl skirt with strips of cardboard slipped inside the band. Cut them just ¼-inch smaller than your belt, and work them in from a slit on the wrong side, one for the back and one for the front. Be sure to remove before the skirt is washed or cleaned!—*Jean Knodle, Rutherford, N. J.* Put a small piece of cloth underneath your date dress and pin that stunning but heavy pin through both dress and reinforcement. Saves the dress from being torn or marked.—*Shirley Burns, Allentown, N. J.* Revive your scuffed suede shoes by steaming them in the jet from a boiling kettle.—*Marilyn Lunney, Winnipeg, Man.* And revive felt hats by going over them lightly with fine sandpaper, rubbing with a circular motion.—*Eileen Neill, Holyoke, Mass.* Starch your limp beanies heavily, and stretch them over an overturned bowl to dry crisp and smart.—*Doris Gemmill, Washington, D. C.* Use a bright bandanna for a belt. Fold it and tie.—*Joan Adams, Toronto, Ont.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Start brainstorming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Don't Miss This Ether Earful!

THERE'S a new radio hit and it's your program. Yes, the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air is the dial favorite of groovy gals from coast to coast. Every week when Club Director Linda Allen starts the meeting they listen to dramatized stories and articles from their own magazine presented by popular announcer Tom Shirley, exclusive fashion talks by Nancy Pepper, and Jenny Jabberwocky's up-to-the-minute slanguage. They hear their pet celebrities in special CALLING ALL GIRLS Club interviews.



Sammy Kaye, famous maestro of "swing and sway," and Joyce Reynolds, star of "Janie," visitors of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air.



Air, get hep before another week passes. See page 60 for a list of the smart, teen-wise stores all over the country which put on the program over radio stations in their cities. Inquire at their teen departments for information about time and station. If no store near you is listed as conducting the CALLING ALL GIRLS

Club of the Air, write and tell us which store you think should sponsor the program. Address Linda Allen, National Club Director, CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

They catch the latest good word on good fashion values from the teen departments of their own favorite local stores. And they love it! You, too?

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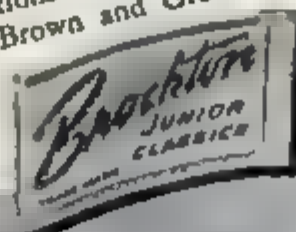


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Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

The girls in my class are actually divided into two groups because of jealousy and envy. A girl cannot even have a party without immediate competition being aroused. Won't you please suggest some way to overcome this problem?—Barbara S., aged 12, New Jersey.

WHAT may be some of the causes for the jealousy and envy in Barbara's class? Why is there so much competition? Sometimes cliques are formed around special leaders; sometimes groups divide on a social or economic basis when some members can afford certain kinds of entertainment or clothes, let us say, and others cannot; sometimes there is a division between young people who are more mature (or act that way) and those who are not interested in certain kinds of parties or in dating.

Often these problems can be answered only by adults who have learned to understand and are thus able to help girls and boys to solve personal difficulties. Parents and teachers would agree that much more than "book learning" should result from school experiences. Young citizens should learn in their schools, their homes, and their communities to have satisfactory relations with others, and to understand how different people think and feel, whether or not they "belong" to any special set or group. And they must know what it means to share in shouldering responsibility for good group life.

There are times when group meetings can be effective in providing opportunities for discussion of difficulties and dissatisfactions and of possible ways of overcoming them. Teachers and students may join in planning for the whole group. Committees may be ap-

pointed to do special jobs. Working together often irons out problems and promotes good will. Barbara and her classmates should have many common experiences at school, on trips, at cooperative social gatherings of various kinds at school and at home. Playing together cements friendships, too. It is more than likely that the "bad feeling" about which Barbara writes does not persist and that often there are "good feelings" as well. There must be other fine girls like herself, eager and ready to be good friends and worthy classmates, glad to be of service to those who need help and ready to give credit not only for effort and achievement but also for friendly spirits and genial companionship. Barbara and her school friends should have the advice and guidance of teachers and parents in trying to bring about better human relationships. We cannot have a good democracy in our own country or right feelings among people in the world at large unless we all feel responsible, as Barbara does, for doing everything we can, as individuals and as members of groups, to "promote the general welfare." Differences there will always be and likenesses, too; and there is no reason why young Americans should not be able to find pleasure and satisfaction in sharing both.

AIRING problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

I am easily upset and my sister, who is seventeen, knows that I am, so is always upsetting me wherever we are. Way down deep I love her tremendously. What can I do? —Joanne B., aged 15, Kansas.

SINCE quarrels and disagreements do happen in the best of families, it is wise to try to map out a kind of family-life program which will produce the least possible number of disagreeable situations.

Joanne's sister—like most older children—may have found it a bit hard, when Joanne first came on the scene, to share the center of the home stage with her. But then Joanne's sister probably began to discover that a baby and a toddler can be fun, even though she may sometimes continue to be a nuisance as, for instance, when mothers are called upon to give them an extra amount of time and attention. But, with these two girls, all that is a long time ago. Now they are fifteen and seventeen—ages which are not so very far apart, when the gap need not be nearly as great as it was, for example, when they were twelve and fourteen; and it should be still less between eighteen and twenty—which is quite a hopeful prospect. The relationship between the girls could become better now—if they would both work at it—because they should be able to understand one another's interests better and should enjoy doing a large number of things together. On the other hand, these two girls may be quite different in temperament and tastes. If such is the case, they may find it helpful to separate more often for individual interests and experiences. Getting together then would be more exciting or at least more pleasant.

Joanne writes that she is easily upset. Does not this also raise the question of whether she has faced her own responsibility as fully as she might in the matter of getting along with her sister? We do not

TO A LADY IN THE DARK



Why be in the dark about the do's and don'ts of "difficult days"? Find out for sure just what to do and not to do! It's all in the new, free, young-minded booklet, "As One Girl To Another."

This fact-crammed handbook advises you about bathing, dancing, swimming, sports at certain times of the month. Sets you right on social contacts; mental attitude. Improves your poise. And besides answering your intimate questions, it provides you with a special calendar to help you keep tab on your periods—and plan your "doings" accordingly.

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I've even tamed my scrawl. And along with all the other encouraging signs, I've discovered the importance of fine paper. You've no idea how different I feel . . . and what fun everything is!

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Use EATON'S—and make an Impression

know why she is so touchy, and she may need help there—either in getting more rest or more activity or in learning to understand and control her own strong feelings. It may be harder for her to be calm and collected than it is for her sister, who may be more placid or even-tempered. Learning to make compromises now and then, developing a sense of humor, not "seeing and hearing all," forgiving and forgetting whenever possible—such things are helpful, too. Learning to live together is not always easy, but the more one succeeds the richer the rewards.

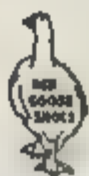
Since Joanne writes that "way down deep" she loves her sister "tremendously," she has a lot to go on. When we love people we try to understand them and to help them to become their nicest selves. And we are willing to consider their needs, moods, and interests just as we wish them to respect ours.

I want to work in a drug-store. The store is well thought of and here I could get a job. I am neither young nor old for my age. What do you think of my working?—Malda F., aged 14, Texas.

MANY girls have written to ask us about this matter. Malda's letter does not tell us whether or not she has discussed this question with her parents, but we know she will want their ideas about it. We wonder whether they believe the conditions in the place where she wants to work are satisfactory. Will the work be too strenuous for her, are the hours too long, are the surroundings fairly pleasant, are the people in charge reliable and friendly?

There is also the matter of the child labor laws—which we all should respect. Each state has its own laws about things like working papers and with regard to working during vacation periods and after school hours. Many high school students have worked all or part

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of their summer vacations, with profit to themselves and to our country; but large numbers have made the mistake of being tempted by the opportunities to earn "good money," forgetting that if they discontinue their education now they may be seriously affected in their later earning powers—not to mention the loss of schooling for its own sake.

A girl must realize that her health is important, that she requires companionship, and that she may be needed at certain times in her own home. Personal factors must also be taken into account. Some girls can stand more physical and mental strain than others and may have much less to lose in being separated temporarily from their friends or being confined indoors for longer hours day after day.

Work is important—especially now when we are all needed. But girls are making a large contribution, too, when they see to it that they are getting the best possible education, by keeping well, by aiding in keeping the home going, and by pinch-hitting wherever they are needed, for instance, in relieving a mother who might do some volunteer war work, or a father who has been obliged to take on the additional work usually performed by a son now in the armed services. Sometimes taking a job in a store during vacation or after school is interesting, exciting, and profitable—but not always for a given girl at a given place. There is great value in learning how to make such decisions by weighing the pros and cons, and talking things over thoroughly with experienced adults.

LOOK for the new book "Do You Know Your Daughter?" to be published soon by D. Appleton-Century Company. Written by your own Alice Barr Grayson to help mothers understand their daughters better, it discusses in detail many of the questions that have been asked by girls who have written to the editor of "Let's Talk Things Over."

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How Do You NO?

To refuse a friendly offer with tact and consideration takes know-how—and we mean no-how

By MARTHA ROSS

YOU can pronounce your own sentence in the dating and doing scheme of things by the way you pronounce one little two-letter word. Yes, we mean no — no, I can't accept your invitation; no, I don't want to; no, the family won't let me, and all the other reasons there are for saying no which can't be said bluntly in just so many words.

Of course it would make life pretty simple if you could just say plain no and state the reason and let it go at that, but people are sensitive creatures and feelings do get hurt and social conventions require you to say no in words of more than one syllable. It's all in the way you say it.

Let's suppose some girl or boy whom you do not particularly want to see calls and asks you for a date. The only thing to do is to say politely, "Thank you for asking me, but I'm afraid I'm busy Tuesday night." It isn't necessary to state exactly what you're "busy" about. You may have another date or you may have planned to wash your hair. However, if you make up a date for the movies as your excuse, it will be most embarrassing if you get caught reading a good book on your front porch come Tuesday. If you have an excuse you want to offer, that's fine, but don't involve yourself in any imaginary doings. If you stick to this rule, people will know that they can count on your word—



If you just invent an excuse for turning down a date and then get caught doing nothing—was is you!

and life will be much simpler.

On the other hand, suppose you would really like to accept the date but do have another engagement. Say so. "I've already told Marge I would go to the movies with her Tuesday. I hope you'll ask me again." Don't gush or moan over the situation. You don't want to sound overeager, as if you thought you were missing a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. You ought to rate yourself higher than that!

Is it the system in your house to clear all dates with the family? Then what do you say if Mother hands down a veto? There's nothing wrong with being frank about it, but you must lay the groundwork properly. When the invitation is proffered, you can say that you will have to check with your family to see if they have made any plans for you. Then, if they hand in a negative decision, you can say that they do have other plans for you and you won't be able to accept. You don't need to say—unless you want to—that the other plans are for you to do your

homework. And if there's a general rule about no dates on school nights, there's certainly nothing wrong in the frankness of "Sorry, week ends are my nights to go out."

Sometimes you have to say no to something larger and more involved than a date. Sometimes you have to refuse a friendship. Suppose back some time ago your big interest in life was riding a bike and you worked up a close friendship with Mary Lou who lives in the next block and was also most enthusiastic about the two-wheeled sport. You had wonderful times together being best friends.

And then suddenly you became interested in sewing and you found Sue who also loved to ply the needle and your bike became merely a means of transportation. This time you can't just brush off Mary Lou with an unexplained, "I'm sorry but I'm busy every day." You have more responsibility to her than that.

Tell Mary Lou about your new-found interest in sewing. It might be that it would appeal to her, too, and that would solve all. If she has no desire to join you in your new pastime, she will at least understand that you have found a new interest and not that you have found something wrong with her. If you are suddenly busy with other people all the time with no explanation at all, that's pretty hard for Mary Lou to take and it's not the treatment a friend, past or present, deserves. You will owe Mary Lou some of your time, too, but as you are less frequently available, Mary Lou will find new companions.

Saying yes is easy. Saying no is hard because you are turning somebody down on something he or she wanted to do; at least you can assume so—why else would you be asked? Since you have to let someone down, the only thing to do is to be as honest as you can be, and to state your refusal as simply as possible. That way you can make a negative answer give a positive impression of you.

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to hang on the Christmas tree. Directions for making it and 5 ornaments in free leaflet.

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TEACHERS ARE ONLY HUMAN

(Continued from page 23)

put it, "There are thirty of you and one of me. I can't go in thirty directions, so suppose you try all going in one direction." That's what Miss Smathers is driving at when she says, "Sit up, Tom! Wake up, Alice! Stop that giggling, Josephine!"

"Yes," you say, "but she isn't patient, and she jumps on us, and she makes us work so-o hard!" Maybe so; nobody is perfect. (Your teacher probably knows she isn't, and she probably regrets that she was so impatient with her classes the day she heard that her nephew was missing in action in the Pacific.) But how do you look from her side of the desk? If you come up and say, "Here are my notes on the article in the encyclopedia, and here's what I found in the preface to our book, and this is what the biography in the school library has, but none of them seems to answer the question you asked," Miss Smathers will probably help you quite patiently, for you have shown that you have really tried to do your part in the business of learning. But if your approach is, "Miss Smathers, I can't find anything about Shakespeare's life," she is likely to say sharply, "You might try looking a little harder, Jackie!"

Has it ever struck you, out there in front of the teacher's desk, that from where she sits she sees some character or behavior traits that need pruning, and that some of her sharpness may be an attempt to help you get rid of these traits? The chronic self-excuser and the person who invariably comments on discipline, whether applied to herself or to another, "Aw, that's not fair!" may both be quite sincere, but the chances are that they are in the wrong at least as often as they are in the right; and wrong or right they are irritating. There are times when it is not possible to do the assigned work; there are times when a punishment is



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not fair. Then of course something has to be done about it, but it should be done quietly, and if possible privately; explanations and adjustments take up the time of the whole class and benefit only a few, and their place is outside of class time. As for the person whose standard comment is, "Aw, do we have to?"—need anything more be said?

There are other types, too, on whom Miss Smathers may be trying to work. There is Helpful Hattie, for instance. While Miss Smathers is patiently and encouragingly waiting for Shy Sue to get it right, hasty Hattie bursts in with a stage whisper to Sue that spoils the good work. Gabby Gertie tells her own and everybody else's business, usually just as Miss Smathers is trying to call the class to order. Soft-Soap Emma is always at the teacher's desk to inquire how she can get an A, never realizing that it is work that matters and not words. Wah-Wah Winnie squeals loudly at any sudden noise or new idea. They act with the highest motives, but they need to learn how to direct their efforts. Until they do, both the teacher and their classmates are likely to become impatient with them!

One last thought from the harder side of the desk, before we get back into the class. If Miss Smathers is a new teacher, or even more if she is a substitute teacher, how do you suppose she feels? One of the first things a teacher notices about a new school is the attitude of the classes. If pupils are thoughtful, friendly, and considerate to her, she knows that she has come to a school with tradition and standards. You will realize, if you think about it, that the details of special school customs are as confusing to a new teacher as they are to a new student. If you'll give Miss Smathers a helping hand with them, you may find she is quite human after all, and that there is really not so great a difference as you had thought between the two sides of a teacher's desk!

Miss Coroteen says



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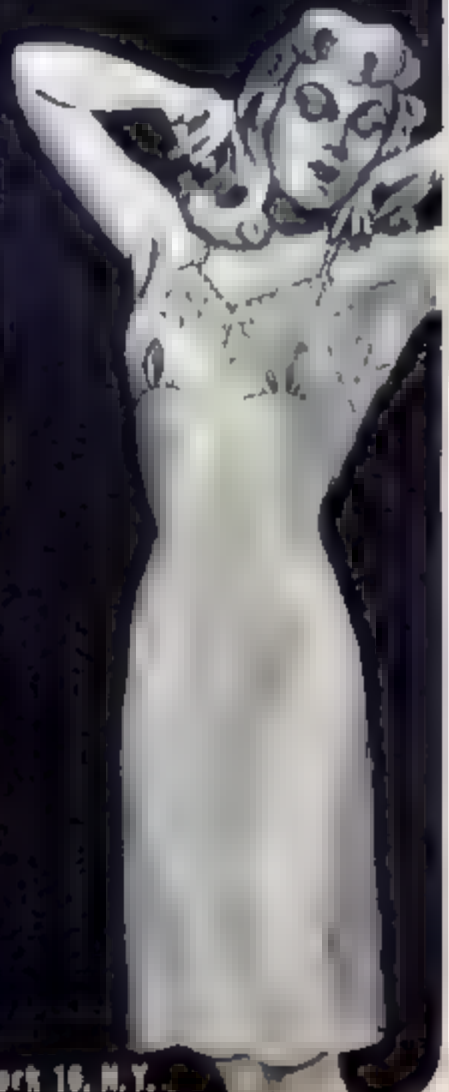
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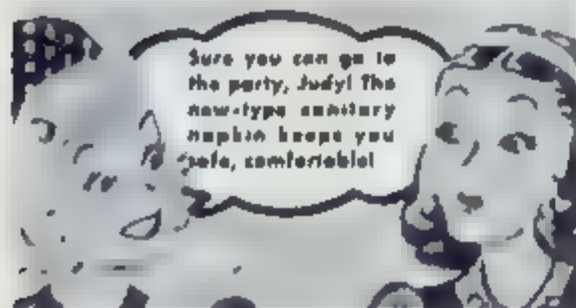
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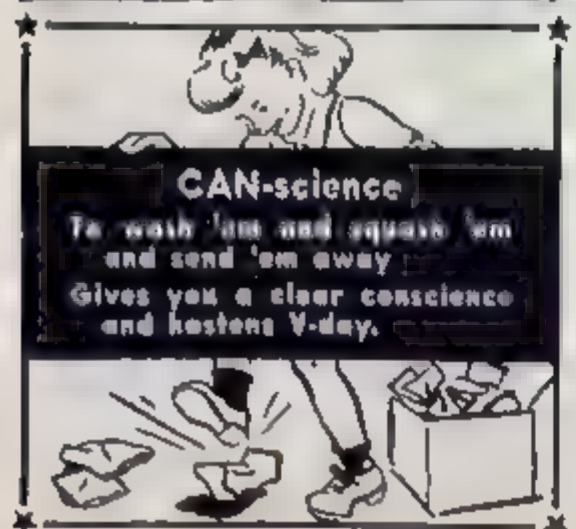


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BABES IN FASHION LAND

(Continued from page 7)

Helene Sleazak, Donald Trachler, Fred Maxted, and Elaine Callas formed the very competent art staff. I am president of the company. Henry Swarnbat was made treasurer, Evelyn Gale became secretary, Peter Dauzvardis officiated in the sports department, and Annette Shugan, Gilda Vaslow, and Wyatt Coon, Jr., wrote general column material. This nucleus gathered each evening for the two months of July and August last year, drawing and writing, discarding much of what they had done, and starting over again in an attempt to produce something better. At the end of July, we had completed a tabloid-size dummy consisting of eight pages, with original art work and laboriously printed columns. This, lovingly encased in a blue cover, we presented one morning in early August to the manager of the *Downtown Shopping News*. He liked the idea very much, and a contract was drawn up between the *Downtown Shopping News* and the Hi-Shopper Publishing Company, with provisions that we receive desk, telephone, and messenger facilities, a percentage of the profits, and delivery of the *Hi-Shopper* by the *Downtown Shopping News* to their complete circulation of 750,000.

The purpose of Junior Achievement companies is to educate and train their members in the fundamentals of business. Therefore, the companies are set up as miniature models of regular corporations. The Hi-Shopper Publishing Company raised capital to operate by selling common stock at 50c a share. After wages and expenses are paid, profits are distributed in dividends to stockholders and bonuses to the members of the company.

We gauged our success by the number of letters we received, and we were soon deluged with letters from enthusiastic readers. We receive anywhere from 500 to 1000 letters a week, and we have volunteer

reporters in almost every high school in Chicago.

We function entirely by ourselves, with no direction whatsoever by the *Downtown Shopping News* in regard to layout or contents. The *Shopping News* officials see none of the material until the entire thing is proofread and ready to go to press. Features are assigned to certain reporters, notably Wyatt Coon, Jr., who writes "Backtalk," and Sheldon Heiman, proprietor of a column called "The Den." News items and school gossip are contributed by our roving reporters who submit the stories regularly and voluntarily.

Although advertising comes in at paid space rates, we write all the copy ourselves and draw the illustrations. It's up to us to shop the stores and review the stock to select clothes to be featured in the ads and editorials.

Thus we have done the art work and copy for six of Chicago's leading stores, and publicity for contests, and directed and arranged fashion shows. We also sponsor a fifteen-minute radio show on a major network which is produced, directed, and acted entirely by us. One of our accounts liked it so much that they bought the show; however, we continued to produce it. We have a second show that is also done entirely by us.

Not long ago, I was fortunate enough to sit next to Miss Nancy Pepper at a Chicago luncheon for Hi-Style Scouts. Through Miss Pepper we are now doing a weekly ad in jingles for The Fair in Chicago, advertising the *CALLING ALL GIRLS* Club of the Air. [Nancy Pepper told us, "It's one of the cleverest columns I've ever seen. The Fair is delighted with it."—Ed.]

Aldens Chicago Mail Order Company saw copies of the *Hi-Shopper* and sent two of us to New York to act as advisers when they chose their collection of styles to be featured in

the Junior Miss section of their catalogue. They'd bundle us into rooms filled with luscious new fashions and let us scramble about in absolute ecstasy selecting merchandise we knew our crowd would swoon over!

Not long ago, we discovered that Chicago's State Street stores were having difficulty securing models for their fashion shows and fashion photographs that looked typically teen-age. The models usually looked like seventh-graders, or senior high characters. "Something," I vowed, "must be done about this. And quick!" So we began a campaign in the Hi-Shopper for young pretties with modeling aspirations.

Letters poured in from potential cover girls; the telephone rang even more wildly as syrupy voices called to inquire if they might come in for an interview. And the high school atmosphere began to take on the tinge of a bathing beauty contest, as the gals appeared in person. The male members of the staff had a field day, and their "little black books" waxed thick and fat. As a result of this campaign, the Hi-Shopper now has a choice group of young models on frequent call.

Recently, one of the prominent stores was doing a promotion on high school people. They devoted an entire window facing State Street to a miniature set of our Hi-Shopper office with the original artwork and editorial proof sheets displayed. The staff clustered about the window in rapt admiration. Production was considerably slowed up that week!

In the beginning, that is before my initiation into the hectic days of Hi-Shopper production, I had only the experience of a page editor on our school paper. Since then, I've had to learn with the rest of the staff to cope with the mechanics of large-scale make-up, of deadlines, the fundamentals of art, and the eccentricities of people. And we're still learning. With gusto! In fact, it takes a team of wild-eyed friends to make us push down our sweater sleeves and leave our office for home.



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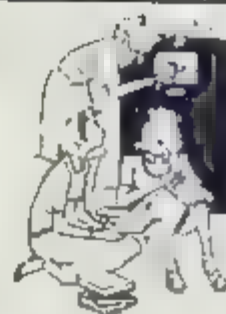
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When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

HALLOWEEN MAGIC

(Continued from page 33)

"I've just asked her," Delia said. "You will, won't you?"

"I'd love to." There was a split second's time in which she could smile at Bill before Peter demanded his attention again.

It was an hour later and Margie was running back and forth between her room and the bathroom, doing her hair and getting out of her school dress. Suddenly, standing in front of the mirror in her slip, she thought "Mums!" Suppose Mums had been feeling lonely, too, the way she herself had been, and Margie had been too much concerned with her own foolish notions.

She went out into the hall and saw her mother, just closing the twins' door.

"Mums."

"Darling, I wanted to tell you." Mrs. Davis put her arm around her and they moved down the hall together. "Shortly after you left the nicest people came to call on me—the Adamses from downstairs. They said they thought I must be worth knowing if I had three such nice children. You know, it hasn't really mattered—as long as you children were happy—but I have been a little lonely here. It's nice to have friends again. Thank you."

"Oh, Mums." There was a lump in her throat, but it went right away because Mums said hastily, "Now, what are you going to wear? Your first party in Brandon! We must fix up something special."

"Bang! Bang!" sounded sleepily from the twins' room and Paula's tiny voice repeated it. "Bang! Bang!"

Margie smiled. "I thought I'd wear my khaki shorts and be two-gun Margie, if you think the twins wouldn't mind my borrowing their pistols."

"That's a fine idea. You've been so nice to them tonight they'll be proud as punch to have you use something of theirs."

She'd been nice to them! She could only kiss Mums hard and hurry off to get dressed.



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THEY BACK UP THE FRONT

(Continued from page 15)

schools throughout the city took part in the project. They measured the windows, cut out paper Gothic transparencies of Christmas subjects and fitted them into panels. If you happened to stop by Tinker Field today, you'd still find these panels, for soldiers and chaplains insisted they be left permanently. Near-by fields now are demanding similar decorations.

In the war on waste Junior Red Cross members are right out in front. They scour their communities for millions of pounds of salvageable materials including fats, metals, textiles, and paper, and they even rid their towns of rats. In twenty days Escanaba, Michigan, members rounded up 7,500 pairs of "gone but not forgotten" silk stockings for use in making powder bags and parachutes. In many states boys and girls cooperated with the Department of Agriculture by gathering milkweed floss, used in giving buoyancy to life preservers, life rafts, and those aviators' jackets known as "Mae Wests."

They've done a good job of pinch-hitting, too. At Denver, Colorado, pools and beaches alone, summertime life guards and instructors of the Junior Red Cross numbered ninety. In many schools, water safety, first aid, and home nursing classes—all vitally useful in strengthening home-front lines—are offered as part of the curriculum. Last year, school-age girls and boys earned more than 650,000 first aid certificates and well over 300,000 swimming and life saving certificates.

But those who have fun learning to do these things don't worry about anything so dull as figures. Take, for example, the dietitians' aides who, after a required course of training, go into the kitchens of the nearest hospitals needing extra hands. In Savannah, Georgia, for instance, dietitians' aides in three hospitals have proved their mettle so resoundingly by preparing trays, catering to special needs and tastes, and

performing many other useful functions that every hospital in town is clamoring for their aid.

Besides serving the armed forces and the community, American Junior Red Cross members earn hundreds of thousands of dollars for the National Children's Fund to help meet emergency needs of contemporaries throughout the world. Recently when several hundred young Yugoslav refugees arrived in Egypt, the American Red Cross helped resettle them and supplied them with food, clothing, and medicine. These girls and boys wanted to continue their education, but no school equipment was available. So transatlantic cables hummed between Cairo and Washington, D. C., and before long money from the National Children's Fund purchased paper, pens, pencils, chalks, and other school supplies, each marked with the Yugoslav translation of "Gift of the American Junior Red Cross."

This same National Children's Fund, established in 1919, will be used for reconstruction after the war. Through the fund Junior Red Cross members will help other girls and boys whose schools have been destroyed to resume their education with new materials.

Since the beginning of World War II, American Junior Red Cross members have spent some \$300,000 of their Fund on such projects as shoes for Soviet children, socks and stockings to round out a Red Cross clothing shipment to Greek youngsters, candy for youthful North Africans, and the establishment of war nurseries for tiny tots rendered homeless by the bombings in England.

And all that's just a partial glimpse of the wartime service which Junior Red Cross members are rendering, quietly and without fanfare. But it should be enough to convince any doubting Thomas that the school set isn't shirking its duties in these worrisome days.

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Junior Housekeeping

(Continued from page 32)

Sally's offhand way of producing sandwiches must have seemed like magic, but if you're smart, you know it wasn't. She didn't just happen to have those sandwiches in the icebox. Let's see what really happened!

Thursday night she said at supper, "Mum, may I bring the gang home and feed them after the game?"

"Surely. Let me know what you'll need so I can get it tomorrow."

So Sally went to work, planned the menu, checked the supplies on hand, produced two working lists for her mother:

MENU

Nut bread and cream cheese sandwiches
Peanut butter and bacon sandwiches
Cocoa
Oatmeal cookies

SHOPPING LIST

Nut bread	Whole wheat bread
$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. cream cheese	Shelled walnuts
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. margarine	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. bacon
	Cocoa

Friday when she got home from school Sally made the cookies. Saturday morning she made the sandwiches and wrapped them in wax paper to wait in the icebox. Rationing being what it is, Sal chose sandwiches she could make with little or no butter. She planned two kinds, one for the sweet tooth and one not so sweet. She allowed a sandwich and a half—three slices of bread—each, enough even if the boys were especially hungry.

So at snack time there was nothing left to do but make the cocoa.

It worked like old black magic; to hear her invitation you'd have sworn it had just popped into her head that second. Could be that Sally is seldom as offhand as she seems.

If you, too, would like to do a little magic-making, we'll help. Beside sandwich, cocoa, and chocolate tricks, we have Sally's cooky recipe. Ask for the leaflet, "Simple Snacks," Junior Housekeeping Department 14, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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FLAMING TIMBER

(Continued from page 6)

admitted, "a spot of gas wouldn't hurt. There's a pump a couple of miles up the road and we can run a mile on the choke. Pull her out, Hump."

With the choke clear out, Methuselah lumped forward a few rods. Finally it gave up, stopped dead. Jep's heart practically stopped with it. That was the trouble with Methuselah. You couldn't tell what would go wrong next. And today they couldn't afford delays. That banquet! She just had to be back by 6:30.

Panting in the still heat, Jep and Julie straggled after the boys up the dusty road to the gas station. As he filled their five-gallon can, the red-eyed owner, handed out a piece of advice. "If you're going to Larch, you'd better make it snappy. That fire around Hemlock's spreading. The woods is awful dry. If a wind comes up . . ." He didn't finish the sentence, but looked up at the threatening yellow sky.

"Looks the way it did the time of the eclipse," Jep noticed.

After the drink of gas, Methuselah perked up, fairly raced ahead.

Ted consulted his watch. "Good thing we left a little leeway about getting back," he tossed off. "But from now on it'll be straight going. We'll make it by 5 easy." He cocked his head, listened like a robin listening for a worm. The engine was growling, sputtering. Ted set the brakes, got out, peered under the hood. "That fool timer needs cleaning again," he muttered. "Where's a rag?"

But there wasn't any. The rags, along with the seat covers, were all in the wash.

Jep had to sacrifice her kerchief. "It cost a dollar," she lamented, "and they haven't any more like it."

"It's a good thing," Hump said. "You look awful in that shade of blue, kind of sal . . ."

He stopped in the middle of a word. A flock of birds rose

from a parched field of sweet fern, circled upward through the sultry air. But they didn't make a sound. "Hey," Hump said, "it was like that on the day of the Peshtigo fire, too. Birds didn't even peep."

Jep glanced at Julie. Julie was nervous enough as it was. Why did Hump have to keep harping on that Peshtigo fire?

He and Ted finished cleaning the timer, replaced it, stuffed the greasy kerchief under the front seat, climbed back in.

This time Methuselah kept going exactly eighteen minutes by Jep's wrist watch. When the motor started knocking, her heart plumped down into her stomach. As they rolled downhill, the knocking got worse, as if all Methuselah's insides were dropping out. A burned out rod!

Ted crawled down under the car, pulled out the oil pan, took off the bearing cap. "Yep," he called. "Good old number two rod as per usual."

Hump scratched his head. "Well," he said finally, "I guess that finishes us. You can't get that fixed at the wayside pump."

"I'll fix it myself," Ted said, "if I can get hold of a piece of bacon rind. I bet they'd have one at the farmhouse we just passed. All I need's a strip four inches long by one inch wide."

Fortunately, the farmer was able to supply both the rind and the hammer with which to "toughen it," as Ted explained. But the operation took an hour.

It was 4:30 when they rolled into Larch taut and shaken. Here the smoke was so thick that the sun was completely hidden. They found the carton addressed to J. G. Prall waiting for them in the baggage room.

"At least the bearing came through okay," Hump exclaimed. "Suppose we'd had to wait over till the next train."

"Next train!" The baggage clerk wiped his watery eyes. "There won't be a next train on that line. We just got it over the wire that eight boxcars

are on fire and half of Hemlock's burned to the ground. I never saw the woods dry like this, either. If we get a wind..."

Jep looked out of the window. The sky, still brassy, was getting darker. In the yellow twilight everyone looked bilious. She grabbed Ted's sleeve. "Let's get back," she gasped. "We've just barely time to make Granite Harbor by 6:30. But I'm not thinking about the banquet. I'm just thinking about getting out of here!"

"Wait." Hump's voice cracked with tension. He threw the carton into Methuselah's back seat. "I know how you can lop off ten miles going back. Old logging road, comes out on M 82 in that hardwood forest five miles below Granite Harbor."

"Ten miles!" Ted spun the crank, leaped into the driver's seat. "Lead me to it."

Humphrey pointed out a pair of wagon tracks leading off into the evergreens.

The carton took up so much room that Jep and Julie had to pack together like codfish. Methuselah, bumping along over the rough corduroy, made so much noise that conversation was impossible. Jep sat clenching Julie's hand, praying that the jalopy would just keep going until they reached M 82.

It was darker in the woods, the air like a smothering quilt. Spindling evergreens full of pitch pressed in on each side of the road. If ever a spark touched them, pouff! Jep coughed, reached over to brush off black and white dust that had settled on Ted's shoulders. It wasn't dust. It was ashes—ashes drifting down from the sky.

The smoke thickened. Ted hunched over the wheel, urging Methuselah on. Beside him, Hump leaned forward, tense. Julie had such a coughing fit that Jep had to pound her on the back. As if it, too, sensed danger, the rickety car bounded ahead over the ruts. "Get out of here!" the motor seemed to be wheezing. "Get out of here!"

The woods were full of hurrying frightened creatures, deer, foxes, squirrels, chipmunks, partridge, rabbits

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crashing through the brush, flying from something Jep couldn't see. "Get out," they seemed to be saying as they flew past.

"Get out, get out, out, out!" the motor wheezed. "Out—out—OUT!"

Suddenly Jep heard another sound, a soft, deep moaning in the forest behind them. A whisper of wind. Wind coming down from Hemlock! The whisper rose to a roar. She looked back. Black smoke was rolling up. Tongues of flame licked the evergreens.

No turning back now. "Out—out—out—OUT," the motor coughed. Ahead lay the safety of the hardwood forest, if they could make it. But with the throttle lever pushed all the way up, they seemed to be crawling. The wind began to yell, to roar louder than the loudest waterfall.

A slab of fire whirled through the sky, dropped to the path in front. Flames sprang up on each side. A river of fire caught the tree tops, rushed across the road. Ted jammed on the brakes. The whole world was on fire. They were trapped. They'd have to stay here and be cremated. Unless they could find some water to jump into.

Water! Jep looked around. The only water in sight was a foolish little brook and the heat would dry that up in no time. No, the only escape lay through that wall of fire ahead. The corduroy wasn't blazing yet. Methuselah could make it. But what would happen to the four riders? If only they had something to wrap up in, wet blankets or . . .

Wet blankets! Those blankets that Hump and Ted had teased her about bringing along. Jep tore them from the seats, threw them into the brook. "Quick," she yelled above the crackling flames, "everybody lie down in the water and get soaked. Then wrap up in these." She handed each a dripping blanket. "It isn't more'n a hundred feet through to the hardwood. We can make it if we keep wrapped."

She helped Ted muffle him-

self up like a Bedouin and saw that his hands gripping the wheel were covered, saw that Hump had his face protected. Then she covered Julie, the carton, and herself.

Methuselah, too, was trembling at the prospect. The chances of getting through that inferno were only fifty-fifty. If they failed! Jep thought of the Peshtigo fire that had melted iron, consumed wagonloads of people. Then she felt the Model T leap into action, heard the flames spitting around her like popping corn, felt an unearthly blast of heat, smelled singeing wool. For hours they seemed to be lunging through space.

Then the motor stopped. Methuselah had failed! Jep crouched, waiting for the end. Suddenly she heard Ted shout, "Okay, we made it!" The blanket was torn from her face. She poked her head out. The evergreen furnace lay behind them. They were safe in the hardwood forest. And ahead lay M 82 winding into Granite Harbor.

Jep dragged her new coral jersey on over her head, ran a comb through her wild black hair. And then she snatched up the stack of note cards with her speech written on them. She darted down past the grandfather clock on the staircase, two steps at a time.

It was 6:25! She and Julie had to be at the banquet in the high school gym in five minutes. And that was blocks away. But Methuselah would see that they got there. You could bank on Methuselah. A jalopy that could go through a forest fire was—well—pretty good.

She found it waiting out by the curb. It must be Methuselah, because Hump was pulling on the choke wire and Ted was working the spark. But you'd hardly recognize it with the windshield cracked and half the paint baked off. That lovely purple paint! It was too bad, because they'd stopped making it for the duration. And Methuselah just wouldn't be old Methuselah painted, for instance, orange, or electric blue!

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